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MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Sketch for the late
ALDERMAN BECKFORD'S STATUE.

See Chatterton's Works Page 142

MISCELLANIES

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

THE SUPPOSED AUTHOR OF THE POEMS
PUBLISHED UNDER THE NAMES
OF

ROWLEY, CANNING, &c.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR FIELDING AND WALKER,
PATER-NOSTER ROW.
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PREFACE.

THE diſputes which have taken place in the learned world, reſpecting thoſe poems which were publiſhed ſome time ago under the names of Rowley and Canning, are ſtill undetermined; notwithſtanding all the arguments brought on one ſide to ſupport their authenticity, and on the other to prove them the forgeries of a young literary adventurer, the queſtion is ſtill brought to no concluſion, and as the partiſans of each hypotheſis declare themſelves unconvinced by the evidences of the other, the matter may be conſidered as yet involved in doubt and obſcurity. The following collection of pieces are liable to none of the objections which are made to the other. They are the genuine and ac-

knowledged productions of Thomas Chatterton; a perſon whoſe genius and abilities, exerciſed at a very early period of life, will no leſs command the reſpect of poſterity, than they have excited the attention, and divided the ſentiments of the ableſt judges of the preſent age.

With reſpect to Rowley's poems, the prevailing opinion ſeems to be, that they were actually written by Chatterton: for though the antique manner in which they were cloathed, had ſerved greatly to diſguiſe them, yet it could not but be obſerved that that the ſmoothneſs of the verſification, and the frequent * traces of imitation of later writers,

* The argument ariſing from the coincidences which might be pointed out between the ſuppoſed ancient poems and later writers, hath not been attended to in the manner it deſerves. It would be more deciſive

writers, were utterly inconſiſtent with the idea of their being the productions of the fifteenth century. Theſe circumſtances did not eſcape the obſervation of many gentlemen at their firſt appearance; but that forgeries ſhould be attempted by one who had not reached the age of ſeventeen years, and that theſe attempts ſhould be conducted with a degree of ſkill and judgment, which obliged the moſt intelligent to doubt, and

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ciſive than any other yet made uſe of. Let any perſon compare the parallel paſſages lately pointed out by a writer in the St. James's Chronicle, No. 2671, May 21, 1778, and at the ſame time advert to the rules laid down by biſhop Hurd, for the diſcovery of imitations, and he will not heſitate to acknowledge, that the writer of Rowley's poems certainly lived in the preſent century. As this letter will be conſidered as a curioſity by all who intereſt themſelves concerning the authenticity of thoſe poems, and as it is not readily to be referred to, being printed only in a newspaper, we have ſubjoined it to the preſent publication.†

† See page xxiv.

at

at the ſame time almoſt compelled the moſt doubtful to aſſent, ſeemed to be hardly within the reach of probability; it rather, in the opinion of many, bordered on im-
[impoſſibility.

It hath been preſumed, though without duly weighing circumſtances, that it would be a wild conjecture to ſuppoſe a young, and almoſt uneducated man, was capable of conducting a complicated fraud, which required applications very different from thoſe which the ſeaſon of his life, and his means of information ſeemed to point out, and at the ſame time ſuch a courſe of ſtudy as is very ſeldom purſued until a more advanced period. But before this is granted, it ſhould be recollected that he was, as Mr. Warton* obſerves, *a ſingular inſtance of a prematurity*

* Additions to Hiſtory of Poetry, vol. II.

of

of abilities, and that he had acquired a ſtore of general information far exceeding his years; that he poſſeſſed a comprehenſion of mind, and activity of underſtanding, which predominated over his ſituations in life, and his opportunities of inſtruction. When theſe facts are remembered, it will not be conſidered ſo very incredible; and the hiſtory of the human mind will furniſh many examples of a maturity of judgment in perſons at as early an age, which will diminiſh the ſurpriſe which muſt at the firſt glance impreſs every perſon who reflects upon this extraordinary phenomenon. It ſhould be recollected, before we pronouce deciſively upon this ſubject, that there have been inſtances almoſt as extraordinary as that we have now under conſideration. Dr. Wotton, at the age of ſix years, acquired a conſiderable knowledge in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues; and Dr. Johnſon has

has given the life of one * who maſtered five languages at the age of nine years. Theſe acquiſitions are certainly as wonderful as Chatterton's knowledge of the obſolete language of the 15th and 16th centuries, which he was known to be fond of, and to which he had particularly applied his attention. Nor ſhould the contrivance of ſuch a fraud be deemed beyond the reach of one who poſſeſſed ſuch abilities. It is known that a perſon who was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Pſalmanazar, in the beginning of the preſent century, fabricated a new language, and actually ſucceeded in impoſing upon ſome of the moſt intelligent and inquiſitive perſons of the times, who were equally as deſirous, as able to detect the impoſture, had it not been managed with a degree of art which eluded all their vigilance.

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* John Phillip Barretier.

It will hardly be denied, that acquiſitions like thoſe we have before mentioned are equally ſurpriſing with any which Chatterton is ſuppoſed to have reached; unleſs the invention of new characters for a language, or the difficulties of obtaining an accurate knowledge of the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, are more eaſy to overcome than to imitate the manner of writing in the time of Edward the fourth. But inſtances may be produced of perſons whoſe extent of intelligence hath been as great in ſubjects more abſtruſe, and not leſs out of the common walk, than thoſe to which Chatterton devoted his attention. It will be ſufficient to name the celebrated Crichton, and M. Servin, mentioned by Sully, between both whom and our author a reſemblance might be diſcovered, as well in their aſtoniſhing abilities, as in thoſe defects which marked the private

characters of each of these young adventurers.

As the present publication consists of pieces of which not the smallest doubt was ever entertained of their being genuine, it is totally unnecessary here to enter into any argument either to support or invalidate those proofs which have been adduced of the authenticity of the supposed ancient poems; and it is the less incumbent on the present editor, as the public hath lately received entire satisfacton on that head from the same gentleman to whom we are indebted for the first collection of this writer's works. It may not however be unnecessary to add a few words, in order to compleat the short account given by that gentleman of so extraordinary a personage, who may be considered as the literary phenomenon of the times, and whose genius, if it had been properly fostered and encouraged, might have carried English literature

ture to as high a pitch as any author in the preſent century. One can ſcarce avoid drawing a parallel upon the preſent occaſion, from the ſimilarity of circumſtances between our author and the great father of the Engliſh ſtage; the one obliged to cramp and abaſe his genius to the ideas and taſte of a barbarous audience; the other, from neceſſity, compelled to obey the mandates of the directers of our monthly publications, equally dogmatical, ignorant and inſipid.

The former editor hath already ſet forth the few circumſtances, relative to his author, which he poſſeſſed in common, with other men. The time of his birth, and death; the names of his parents, his profeſſion, and the confined mode of his education, are all accurately ſtated. It is to be regretted, that he permitted, the *ſang-froid* of the antiquary, to repreſs, that

warmth, which the excellence of his author might have been expected to excite; surely, that excellence demanded some few words of commendation: it is also to be lamented that he did not enter more minutely into the disposition and circumstances of one whom he could not but respect as an author, however he might dislike his chararacter, as a man: and here it must be confessed, Chatterton appears to us in the most unfavourable point of view. He possessed all the vices and irregularities of youth, and his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities. Although he was of a profession which might be said to accelerate his pursuits in antiquities, yet so averse was he to that profession, that he could never overcome it. One of his first efforts, to emerge from a situation so irksome to him, was an application to a gentleman well known in the republic of letters; which

which unfortunately for the public, and himſelf, met with a very cold reception; and which the diſappointed author always ſpoke of with a high degree of acrimony, whenever it was mentioned to him.

After his quitting Briſtol, he was engaged to aſſiſt Mr. Northhook, in a hiſtory of London, then publiſhing in numbers, and, at the ſame time, was daily writing ſome piece for the magazines. Every effort appears to have been inſufficient to ward off the approach of poverty; and very ſoon after he ſettled in London, his diſtreſs became ſo great, that he meditated a deſign of going to Senegal. * This intention was never executed. He continued drudging for the bookſellers a few months, when at laſt, oppreſſed with poverty and diſeaſe, in

* See Poem to Miſs Buſh page 85.

a fit of deſpair, he put an end to his exiſtence in the month of Auguſt 1770, with a doſe of poiſon.

Such was the wretched life, and ſuch the fatal end, of one who, had he not prematurely finiſhed his days, had bidden fair to do the higheſt honours to Engliſh literature. The reader will anticipate every reflection of regret which can be made upon this occaſion; and while he ſympathizes with the unfortunate, he will lament that one who is allowed to have been, as Mr. Warton expreſſes it, "a prodigy of genius," ſhould, by the mere dint of diſtreſs, be tempted to rid himſelf of an inſupportable exiſtence. He will feel himſelf hurt at the idea that no notice ſhould be taken of one who the laſt mentioned writer pronounces would have proved the firſt of Engliſh poets, had he reached a maturer age; and perhaps

haps he may feel ſome indignation againſt the perſon to whom his firſt application was made, and by whom he was treated with neglect and contempt. It were to be wiſhed that the public was fully informed of all the circumſtances attending that unhappy application; the event of which deprived the world of works which might have contributed to the honour of the nation, as well as the comfort and happineſs of their unfortunate author.

It is obſerved, by the elegant writer before quoted, that ſome of the verſes contained in the following miſcellany, which are thoſe written by their author *without any deſign to deceive, have been judged to be moſt aſtoniſhing productions by the firſt critic of the preſent age.* After ſuch a judgment it cannot be mentioned without exciting wonder, that writings which

deſerve ſuch a character, ſhould continue undiſtinguiſhed amidſt the traſh of monthly compilations. A ſtriking ſimilarity may be obſerved between them and their author, both having met with a fate very unworthy their merit, equally contemned and deſpiſed; he, living and dying in obſcurity; they, remaining neglected and almoſt unknown.

That they may hereafter ſtand a monument of the application and abilities of an unfortunate man, untimely loſt to himſelf and to the public, one who had a ſlight knowledge of him in his life time, but not enough to be acquainted with his merits, until too late, who conſiders the neglect which hath been ſhewn to theſe his acknowledged works, as an imputation on the taſte and curioſity of the age, hath employed a few leiſure hours in collecting the following

miſcellany, which he truſts, after ſuch reſpectable opinions as are before quoted, will not require either excuſe or apology, but on the contrary, will entitle him to the acknowledgments of thoſe readers whoſe candour will induce them to applaud the marks of genius which may be found herein, and at the ſame time make every due allowance for thoſe imperfections which haſte, or the unhappy circumſtances in which many of them were written, would have given the author, had he been living, a title to expect and demand.

Briſtol, June 20, 1778. J. B.

To the Printer of the St. James's Chronicle.

SIR,

AFTER the opinion which the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton has delivered, concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, it may be expected that thoſe who maintain a contrary doctrine, ſhould publiſh ſome arguments in ſupport of it. For my part I ſhall rather employ memory than ſagacity on this ſubject, and have no weight to throw into either ſcale, except the following parallels; obſerving at the ſame time, how extraordinary it is that ſo many coincidences ſhould be diſcoverable between Shakeſpeare, Dryden, &c. and Rowley, whoſe name was never heard of till within theſe ten years paſt.

Now doeth Englonde weare a bloudie dreſſe,
And wyth her champyonnes gore her face depeyncte. *Eclogue* I. *p.* 5.

When I ſhall wear a garment all of blood,
And ſtain my favours in a bloody maſk.
K. Henry IV. *part* I.

The tournament begynnes ; the hammerrs ſounde.

Tourn. p. 28.

The armourers accompliſhing the knights
With clink of hammers cloſing rivets up, &c.

K. Henry V.

And teares beganne to flowe.

Syr C. Bawdin, p. 49.

And tears began to flow.

Dryden's Alexander's Feaſt.

The cruelle axe thatt cuttes thye necke
Ytte eke ſhall ende mye lyfe. *Syr C. Bawdin, p.* 56.
For on the rope that hangs my dear
Depends poor Polly's life. *Beggar's Opera.*

Whie art thou all that poyntelle canne bewreene ?

Ælla, p. 76.

Is ſhe not more than painting can expreſs ?

Fair Penitent.

Botte thenn thie ſoughle woulde throwe thy vyſage ſheene. *Ælla, p.* 76.

Your noble ſprytes
Speke yn youre eyne. *Ibidem. p.* 123.
Your ſpirits ſhine through you. *Macbeth.*

Without

Without wommen, menne were pheeres
To ſalvage kynde. *Ælla, p.* 90.
Lovely woman! nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you.
Venice Preſerv'd.

And there ynn ale and wyne bee dreyncted everych
woe. *Ælla, p.* 93.
And drown in bowls the labours of the day.
Pope's Iliad, book XXI.

The reſte from nethe tymes maſque muſt ſhew yttes
face. *Ælla, p.* 105.
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen till us'd.
Othello.

Thou fyghteſt anente maydens, and ne menne.
Ælla, p. 110.
Philip fought men, but Alexander women.
Lee's Alexander.

Fen-vaipoures blaſte thie everiche manlie powere.
Ælla, p. 113.
Ye fen-ſuck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful ſun
To fall and blaſt, &c. *K. Lear.*

Bee

Bee youre names blafted from the rolle of dome!

Ælla, p. 114.

My name be blotted from the book of life!

K. Richard II.

Theie lepe ynto the ſea, and bobblynge yield yer breathe. *Ælla, p.* 126.

Then plung'd into the ſtream with deep deſpair,
And her laſt ſighs came bubbling up in air.

Dryden's Virgil, book XII.

O forr a ſpryte al feere! *Ælla, p.* 128.
O for a muſe of fire! *K. Henry* V.

Hylles of yer bowkes dyd ryſe opponne the playne.

Ælla, p. 130.

And thickening round him riſe the hills of dead.

Pope's Iliad.

Blacke hys cryne as the wyntere nyghte,
Whyte his rode as the ſommer ſnowe.

Ælla, p. 136.

His beard as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole. *Hamlet.*

My

Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys death-bedde. *Ælla, p.* 136.
No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed. *Hamlet.*

Brynge me a ſtede wythe eagle-wynges for flyghte.
Ælla, p. 140.
Oh, for a horſe with wings! *Cymbeline.*

Yee goddes, how ys a loverres temper formed!
Sometymes the ſamme thynge wylle both bane and bleſſe. *Ælla, p.* 140.
With what unequal tempers are we form'd;
One day the ſoul, &c. *Fair Penitent.*

Maie ne thie croſs ſtone of thie cryme bewree!
Maie all menne ken thy valoure, fewe thie mynde!
Ælla, p. 159.
Take thy praiſe with thee to Heaven,
Thy ignominy ſleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph.
K. Henry IV. *part* I.

Thys alleyn was unburled of alle my ſpryte;
Mie honnoure, &c.

Mie

Mie hommeur yette ſomme *drybblet joie* maie fynde.
Ælla, p. 166.

Had it pleas'd Heaven
To try me with affliction
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience. *Othello.*

Unburled, undelievre, uneſpryte. *Goddwyn, p.* 179.
Unhouſel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd. *Hamlet.*

To the ſkyes
The dailie contekes of the londe aſcende.
The wyddowe, fahdreleſſe and bondemennes cries,
Acheke the mokie aire, and Heaven aſtende.
Goddwyn, p. 180.

Every day
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new ſorrows
Strike Heaven on the face. *Macbeth.*

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys ſtreynynge fyſte.
Goddwyn, p. 195.

——In his right hand
Graſping ten thouſand thunders.
Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, book VI.

Their ſoules from corpſes unaknell'd depart.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 223.
Pope read *unaknell'd* for *unaneal'd* in *Hamlet.*

O, Chryſte, it is a grief for me to telle.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 210.
O, Chriſte, my very hart doth bleed.
Chevy Chaſe.

That he the *ſleeve unravels* all theire fate.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 218.
Ravell'd ſleeve of care. *Macbeth.*

The grey-gooſe pynion, that thereon was ſett
Eſtſoons wyth ſmokyng crymſon bloud was wett.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 219.
The grey-gooſe wing that was thereon.
In his heart's blood was wet. *Chevy Chaſe.*

His noble ſoule came rouſhyng from the wounde.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 227.
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound. *Dryden's Virgil, book* XII.

While life and dethe ſtroye for the maſterrie.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 230.
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die. *Macbeth.*

Like

Like cloudes of carnage. *Battle of Haſtings p.* 251.
Clouds of Carnage blot the ſun. *Gray's Ode.*

He closd his eyne in everlaſtynge nyghte.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 251.
Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night. *Gray's Ode.*

Ah, what avayld the lyons on his creſte!
Battle of Haſtings, p. 251.
Ah, what avail his gloſſy varying dyes,
His purple creſt, &c. *Pope's Windſor Foreſt.*

As *ouphant* faieries, whan the moone ſheenes bryghte,
In littel circles daunce upon the greene,
All living creatures flie far from their ſyghte,
Ne by the *race of deſtinie* be ſeen;
For what he be that *ouphant* faieries ſtryke,
Their ſoules will wander, &c.
Battle of Haſtings, p. 232.
You moonſhine revellers and ſhades of night,
You *ouphen heirs* of fixed deſtiny, &c.
——He who ſpeaks to them ſhall die.
I'll wink and couch, no man their works muſt eye.
Merry Wives of Windſor, Warb. edit.

Theſe

Theſe parallel paſſages, Mr. Baldwin, occurred to me on caſually looking over the poems imputed to Rowley; but ſome of your ingenius correſpondents, who peruſe them with greater attention, may furniſh you with conformities continued through many particulars of ſuperior conſequence and notoriety.

I am, Sir, &c.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANIES.

The following piece, being the first which is known of Chatterton's productions, we have placed it before the others in this collection, as it will afford some gratification to many readers to compare the earliest effort of his invention with the other works which he afterwards produced.

To the Printer of Farly's Bristol Journal.

October 1, 1768.

The following description of the Fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Yours,

DUNELMUS BRISTOLNENSIS.

ON Fridaie was the time fixed for passing the new-brydge. Aboute the time of tollynge the tenth clocke, Master Greggoire Dalbenye

 mounted

mounted on a fergreyne horſe, informed Maſter Mouer all thynges were prepared, when two Beadils want fyrſt ſtreying ſtre. Next came a manne dreſſed up as follows, hoſe of gootſkyne crinepart outwards, doublette & waiſcoat, alſo over which a white robe without ſleeves, much like an albe but not ſo long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left ſhoulder, rechede alſo to his hands on the right & doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby repreſentinge a Saxon earlderman.

In his hands he bare a ſhield, the maiſtre of Gille a Brogton, who painted the ſame, repreſentinge Sainte Warburgh croſſinge the foord; then a mickle ſtrong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came ſix claryons & ſix minſtrels, who ſong the ſong of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Maſter Maier mounted on a white horſe dight with ſable trappyngs wrought about by the Nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and Silver, his hayre braded with ribbons & a chaperon with the auntient armes of Briſtowe faſtened on his forehead. Maſter Mair bare in his hande a goulden rodde, & a cengean ſquire bare in his hande, his helmet waulkinge by the ſyde of the horſe. Then came the earlderman & city broders, mounted

mounted on ſabyell horſes dyght with white trappyngs & plumes & ſcarlet caps & chaperons having thereon ſable plumes; after them, the preiſts & frears, pariſh mendicant & ſecular, ſome ſyngynge Sainte Warburghs ſonge, others ſoundynge clarions thereto & others ſome citrialles.

In thilke manner reachynge the brydge the manne with the anlace ſtode on the fyrſt top of a mounde, yreed in the midſt of the brydge, than went up the manne with the ſheelde, after him the minſtrels & clarions; and then the preeſtes & freeres all in white albes, making a moſt goodly ſhewe, the maier & earldermen ſtandinge rounde, they ſonge with the ſound of claryons, the ſonge of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the manne on the top threw with great myght his anlace into the ſea & the clarions ſounded an auncient charge & forloyne. Then theie ſong again the ſong of Sainte Warburge, & proceeded up Xts hill to the croſſe, where a Latin ſermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, & with ſound of clarion theye againe want to the brydge & there dined, ſpendynge the reſt of the daye in ſports & plaies, the freers of Sainte Auguſtyne doing the play of

the knights of Bryſtow meekynge a great fire at night on Kynſlate hill.*

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*See the preface to the volume of poems ſuppoſed to be written by Rowley, pag. 6, where Mr. Catcot's account of this paper is printed.

ETHEL-

ETHELGAR,

A SAXON POEM.

'TIS not for thee, O man! to murmur at the will of the Almighty. When the thunders roar, the lightnings ſhine on the riſing waves, and the black clouds ſit on the brow of the lofty hill; who then protects the flying deer, ſwift as a ſable cloud, toſt by the whiſtling winds, leaping over the rolling floods, to gain the hoary wood: whilſt the lightnings ſhine on his cheſt, and the wind rides over his horns? When the wolf roars; terrible as the voice of the Severn; moving majeſtic as the nodding foreſts on the brow of Michel-ſtow; who then commands the ſheep to follow the ſwain, as the beams of light attend upon the morning?—Know, O man! That God ſuffers not the leaſt member of his work to periſh, without anſwering the purpoſe of their creation. The evils of life, with ſome, are bleſſings: and the plant of death healeth the wound of the ſword. —Doth the ſea of trouble and affliction overwhelm thy ſoul, look unto the Lord, thou ſhalt ſtand

firm in the days of temptation, as the lofty hill of Kinwulf; in vain ſhall the waves beat againſt thee; thy rock ſhall ſtand.

Comely as the white rocks; bright as the ſtar of the evening; tall as the oak upon the brow of the mountain; ſoft as the ſhowers of dew, that fall upon the flowers of the field, Ethelgar aroſe, the glory of * Exanceaſtre: noble were his anceſtors, as the palace of the great Kenric; his ſoul, with the lark, every morning aſcended the ſkies; and ſported in the clouds: when ſtealing down the ſteep mountain, wrapt in a ſhower of ſpangling dew, evening came creeping to the plain, cloſing the flowers of the day, ſhaking her pearly ſhowers upon the ruſtling trees; then was his voice heard in the grove, as the voice of the nightingale upon the hawthorn ſpray; he ſung the works of the Lord; the hollow rocks joined in his devotions; the ſtars danced to his ſong; the rolling years, in various mantles dreſt, confeſt him man. —He ſaw Egwina of the vale; his ſoul was aſtoniſhed, as the Britons who fled before the ſword of Kenric; ſhe was tall as the towering elm; ſtately as a black cloud burſting into thunder; fair as the wrought bowels of the earth; gentle and ſweet

* Exeter.

ſweet as the morning breeze; beauteous as the ſun; bluſhing like the vines of the weſt; her ſoul as fair as the azure curtain of heaven. She ſaw Ethelgar; her ſoft ſoul melted as the flying ſnow before the ſun. The ſhrine of St. Cuthbert united them. The minutes fled on the golden wings of bliſs. Nine horned moons had decked the ſky, when Ælgar ſaw the light; he was like a young plant upon the mountain's ſide, or the ſun hid in a cloud; he felt the ſtrength of his fire; and, ſwift as the lightnings of Heaven, purſued the wild boar of the wood. The morn awoke the ſun; who, ſtepping from the mountain's brow, ſhook his ruddy locks upon the ſhining dew; Ælgar aroſe from ſleep; he ſeized his ſword and ſpear, and iſſued to the chace. As waters ſwiftly falling down a craggy rock, ſo raged young Ælgar thro' the wood; the wild boar bit his ſpear, and the fox died at his feet. From the thicket a wolf aroſe, his eyes flaming like two ſtars; he roared like the voice of the tempeſt; hunger made him furious, and and he fled like a falling meteor to the war. Like a thunderbolt tearing the black rock, Ælgar darted his ſpear through his heart. The wolf raged like the voice of many waters, and ſeizing Ælgar by by the throat, he ſought the regions of the bleſſed. —The wolf died upon his body.—Ethelgar and

Egwina wept.—They wept like the rains of the ſpring; ſorrow ſat upon them as the black clouds upon the mountains of death: but the power of God ſettled their hearts.

The golden ſun aroſe to the higheſt of his power; the apple perfumed the gale; and the juicy grape delighted the eye. Ethelgar and Egwina bent their way to the mountain's ſide, like two ſtars that move through the ſky. The flowers grew beneath their feet; the trees ſpread out their leaves; the ſun played upon the rolling brook; the winds gently paſſed along. Dark, pitchy clouds veiled the face of the ſun; the winds roared like the noiſe of a battle; the ſwift hail deſcended to the ground; the lightnings broke from the ſable clouds, and gilded the dark brown corners of the ſky; the thunder ſhook the lofty mountains; the tall towers nodded to their foundations; the bending oaks divided the whiſtling wind; the broken flowers fled in confuſion round the mountain's ſide. Ethelgar and Egwina ſought the ſacred ſhade, the bleak winds roared over their heads, and the waters ran over their feet. Swift from the dark cloud the lightning came; the ſkies bluſhed at the ſight. Egwina ſtood on the brow of the lofty hill, like an oak in the ſpring; the lightnings

nings danced about her garments, and the blaſting flame blackened her face: the ſhades of death ſwam before her eyes; and ſhe fell breathleſs down the black ſteep rock: the ſea received her body, and ſhe rolled down with the roaring water.

Ethelgar ſtood terrible as the mountain of Maindip; the waves of deſpair harrowed up his ſoul, as the roaring Severn plows the ſable ſand; wild as the evening wolf, his eyes ſhone like the red vapors in the valley of the dead: horror ſat upon his brow; like a bright ſtar ſhooting through the ſky, he plunged from the lofty brow of the hill, like a tall oak breaking from the roaring wind. Saint Cuthbert appeared in the air; the black clouds fled from the ſky; the ſun gilded the ſpangling meadows; the lofty pine ſtood ſtill; the violets of the vale gently moved to the ſoft voice of the wind; the ſun ſhone on the bubbling brook. The ſaint, arrayed in glory, caught the falling mortal; as the ſoft dew of the morning hangs upon the lofty elm, he bore him to the ſandy beech, whilſt the ſea roared beneath his feet. Ethelgar opened his eyes, like the grey orbs of the morning, folding up the black mantles of the night—Know, O man! ſaid the member of the bleſſed, to ſubmit to the will of God;

God; he is terrible as the face of the earth, when the waters ſunk to their habitations; gentle as the ſacred covering of the oak; ſecret as the bottom of the great deep; juſt as the rays of the morning. Learn that thou art a man, nor repine at the ſtroke of the Almighty, for God is as juſt as he is great. The holy viſion diſappeared as the atoms fly before the ſun. Ethelgar aroſe, and bent his way to the college of Kenewalcin; there he flouriſhes as a hoary oak in the wood of Arden.

Briſtol, March 4, 1769. D. B.

KEN-

KENRICK.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

WHEN winter yelled through the leafleſs grove; when the black waves rode over the roaring winds, and the dark-brown clouds hid the face of the ſun; when the ſilver brook ſtood ſtill, and ſnow environed the top of the lofty mountain; when the flowers appeared not in the blaſted fields, and the boughs of the leafleſs trees bent with the loads of ice; when the howling of the wolf affrighted the darkly glimmering light of the weſtern ſky; Kenrick, terrible as the tempeſt, young as the ſnake of the valley, ſtrong as the mountain of the ſlain; his armour ſhining like the ſtars in the dark night, when the moon is veiled in ſable, and the blaſting winds howl over the wide plain; his ſhield like the black rock, prepared himſelf for war.

Ceolwolf of the high mountain, who viewed the firſt rays of the morning ſtar, ſwift as the flying deer, ſtrong as a young oak, fierce as an evening

ing wolf, drew his ſword; glittering like the blue vapours in the valley of Horſo; terrible as the red lightning, burſting from the dark-brown clouds: his ſwift bark rode over the foaming waves, like the wind in the tempeſt; the arches fell at his blow, and he wrapt the towers in flames; he followed Kenrick, like a wolf roaming for prey.

Centwin of the vale aroſe, he ſeized the maſſy ſpear; terrible was his voice, great was his ſtrength; he hurled the rocks into the ſea, and broke the ſtrong oaks of the foreſt. Slow in the race as the minutes of impatience. His ſpear, like the fury of a thunderbolt, ſwept down whole armies; his enemies melted before him, like the ſtones of hail at the approach of the ſun.

Awake, O Eldulph! Thou that ſleepeſt on the white mountain, with the faireſt of women; no more purſue the dark-brown wolf; ariſe from the moſſy bank of the falling waters; let thy garments be ſtained in blood, and the ſtreams of life diſcolour thy girdle; let thy flowing hair be hid in a helmet, and thy beauteous countenance be writhed into terror.

Egward,

Egward, keeper of the barks, ariſe like the roaring waves of the ſea: purſue the black companies of the enemy.

Ye Saxons, who live in the air and glide over the ſtars, act like yourſelves.

Like the murmuring voice of the Severn, ſwelled with rain, the Saxons moved along; like a blazing ſtar the ſword of Kenrick ſhone among the Britons; Tenyan bled at his feet; like the red lightning of heaven he burnt up the ranks of his enemy.

Centwin raged like a wild boar. Tatward ſported in blood, armies melted at his ſtroke. Eldulph was a flaming vapour, deſtruction ſat upon his ſword. Ceolwolf was drenched in gore, but fell like a rock before the ſword of Mervin.

Egward purſued the ſlayer of his friend; the blood of Mervin ſmoked on his hand.

Like the rage of a tempeſt was the noiſe of the battle; like the roaring of the torrent, guſhing from the brow of the lofty mountain.

The

The Britons fled, like a black cloud dropping hail, flying before the howling winds.

Ye virgins! ariſe and welcome back the purſuers; deck their brows with chaplets of jewels; ſpread the branches of the oak beneath their feet. Kenrick is returned from the war, the clotted gore hangs terrible upon his crooked ſword, like the noxious vapours on the black rock; his knees are red with the gore of the foe.

Ye ſons of the ſong, ſound the inſtruments of muſic; ye virgins, dance around him.

Coſtan of the lake, ariſe, take thy harp from the willow, ſing the praiſe of Kenrick, to the ſweet ſound of the white waves ſinking to the foundation of the black rock.

Rejoice, O ye Saxons! Kenrick is victorious.

CERDICK,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE roſe-crowned dawn dances on the top of the lofty hill. Ariſe, O Cerdick, from thy moſſy bed, for the noiſe of the chariots is heard in the valleys.

Ye Saxons, draw the ſword, prepare the flying dart of death: ſwift as the glancing ſight meet the foe upon the brow of the hill, and caſt the warriors headlong into the roaring ſtream.

The ſwords of the Saxons appear on the high rock, like the lake of death reflecting the beams of the morning ſun.

The Britons begin to aſcend the ragged fragments of the ſhrinking rock: thick as the hail in the howling ſtorm, driven down the mountain's ſide, the ſon of the tempeſt; the chariot, and the horſe roll in confuſion to the blood-ſtained vale.

Sons of war, deſcend, let the river be ſwelled with the ſmoaking ſtreams of life, and the mountain of the ſlain aſcend to the ſtars.

They fall beneath the ſpear of Cerdick.

Sledda is a flame of fire. Kenbert ſcatters the never-erring ſhaft of death. Ælle is a tempeſt, a cloud burſting in blood, a winter's wind blaſting the ſoul: his knees are encircled with life-warm gore, his white robe is like the morning ſky. Ceaulin's ſpear is exalted like the ſtar of the evening; his fallen enemies riſe in hills around him.

The actions of Cerdick aſtoniſh the ſoul; the foe is melted from the field, and the gods have loſt their ſacrifice.

Cerdick leans upon his ſpear, he ſings the praiſes of the gods: let the image be filled with the bodies of the dead, for the foe is ſwept away like purple bloom of the grape, no more to be ſeen. The ſacred flames aſcend the clouds, the warriors dance around it. The evening ſlowly throws her duſky vale over the face of the ſun.

Cerdick

Cerdick aroſe in his tent.

Ye ſons of war, who ſhake the ſilver javelin and the pointed ſhield, ariſe from the ſoft ſlumbers of the night, aſſemble to council at the tent of Cerdick.

From the dark-brown ſpring, from the verdant top of the impending rock, from the flowery vale, and the coppiced heath, the chiefs of the war aroſe.

Graceful as the flower that overlooks the ſilver ſtream, the mighty Cerdick ſtood among the warriors: attention ſeals up their lips.

Why will ye ſleep, ye Saxons, whilſt the hanging mountain of fortune trembles over our heads; Let us gird on the reeking ſword, and wrap in flame the town of Doranceaſtre: ſtrong as the foundation of the earth, ſwift as the impetuous ſtream, deadly as the corrupted air, ſudden as the whirlwind piercing to the hidden bed of the ſea, armed in the red lightnings of the ſtorm, will we come upon the foe. Prepare the ſword and ſhield, and follow the deſcendant of Woden.

As when the ſable clouds inceſſantly deſcend in rivers of rain to the wood-crowned hills, the foundation of the ground is looſened, and the foreſt gently ſlides to the valley, ſuch was the appearance of the warriors, moving to the city of Doranceaſtre: the ſpears appeared like the ſtars of the black night, their ſpreading ſhields like the evening ſky.

Turn your eyes, O ye Saxons, to the diſtant mountain: on the ſpreading top a company is ſeen; they are like the locuſts of the Eaſt, like a dark-brown cloud expanding in the wind: they come down the hills like the ſtones of hail; the javelin nods over the helm; death ſports in their ſhadows. They are children of Woden: ſee the god of battle fans the air, the red ſword waves in their banner. Ye ſons of battle, wait their approach, let their eyes be feaſted with the chaplets of victory.

It is Kenrick! I ſee the lightning on his ſhield! his eyes are two ſtars, his arm is the arrow of death! he drinks the blood of the foe, as the rays of the ſummer ſun drink the ſoftly ſtealing brook: he moves like the moon, attended by the ſtars;

ſtars; his blood-ſtained robe flies around him, like the white clouds of the evening, tinged with the red beams of the ſinking ſun.

See the chaplet hangs on his helm: ſhade him, O ye ſons of war, with the pointed ſhield.

Kenrick approaches; the ſhields of the brave hang over his head. He ſpeaks; attention dances on the ear.

Son of Woden, receive a conquering ſon; the bodies of the ſlain riſe in mountains; the aſhes of the towns choak up the river; the roaring ſtream of Severn is filled with the ſlaughtered ſons of thunder; the warriors hang upon the cliffs of the red rocks; the mighty men, like the ſacrifice of yeſterday, will be ſeen no more; the briars ſhall hide the plain; the graſs dwell in the deſolate habitation; the wolf ſhall ſleep in the palace, and the fox in the temple of the gods; the ſheep ſhall wander without a ſhepherd, and the goats be ſcattered in the high mountains, like the furrows on the bank of the ſwelling flood; the enemies are ſwept away; the gods are glutted with blood, and peace ariſes from the ſolitary grove.

Joy wantons in the eye of Cerdick. By the powers that ſend the tempeſt, the red lightning, and roaring thunder; by the God of war, whoſe delight is in blood, and who preys upon the ſouls of the brave; by the powers of the great deep, I ſwear that Kenrick ſhall ſit on my throne, guide the ſanguine ſpear of war, and the glittering ſceptre of peace.

Cerdick girds his ſon with the ſword of royalty: The warriors dance around him; the clanging ſhields echo to the diſtant vales; the fires aſcend the ſkies; the town of Doranceaſtre increaſes the flame, and the great image is red with the blood of the captives: the cries of the burning foe are drowned in the ſongs of joy; the aſhes of the image are ſcattered in the air, the bones of the foe are broken to duſt.

Great is the valour of Cerdick, great is the ſtrength of Kenrick.

Briſtol, *May* 20. D. B.

GOD-

GODRED CROVAN,

A POEM.

Compoſed by DOPNAL SYRRIC Scheld *of* Godred Crovan, *King of the* Iſle of Man.

ARISE, O ſon of Harald the Black, for the ſon of Syrric ſleeps upon the mountain, under the moſſy rock; prepare thy ſilver lance, ſhake the clotted gore of the wolf from thy ſpreading ſhield; Fingal of the brown lake, whoſe ſword divides the lofty pine, whoſe ſpear is ever moiſt with the blood of the ſlain, will aſſiſt thy arm. Culliſin who ſleeps on the brow of the mountain, whoſe feet are ſwift as the days of mirth, will draw forth his troops from the foreſt. The lions of the plain, Morvor and Eſſyr, will ſwell thy army, as the falling rain ſwells the ſilver brook: they wait for thy preſence, as the brown meadow for the ſpring; they will ſhoot out in blood, and bloſſom in victory.

Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black, whoſe name has put to flight armies, ariſe.

Godred aroſe; he met the chiefs on the plain; they ſat down, and feaſted till the evening: there ſat Cochlin with the long ſpear, whoſe arm is a thunderbolt: on the banks of the ſea he fought an hoſt, and rained blood on the plain of Mervor: brown is his face as the ſun-burnt heath; ſtrong his arm as the roaring ſea: he ſhook his black locks like clouds toſſed by the winds: he ſings the ſong of joy. Godwin of the ruſhy plain lay upon the ſkin of the wolf; his eyes are ſtars, his blows are lightning. Tatwallin ſat by his ſide, he ſung ſweet as the birds of ſpring, he fought like the angry lion.

O Tatwallin! ſing the actions of Harold the Swift.

Tatwallin aroſe from his ſeat, the horn of mirth graced his right-hand.

Hear, ye ſons of blood, whilſt the horn of mirth is refreſhing your ſouls, the actions of Harald the Swift.

"The

" The wolf of Norway beat his anlace on his ſilver ſhield; the ſons of war aſſembled around him: Swain of the cleft-hill ſhook the ſpear on his left; and Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, on his right, dyed in gore. Fergus of the ſpreading hills was caſed in black armour; his eyes ſhone with rage, his ſword ſported with the beams of the ſun.

" Warriors, ſaid the chief of the hoſt, let us aſſault the foe; ſwift as the hawk let us fly to the war; ſtrong as the bull, fierce as the wolf, will we rage in the fight: the followers of Harold, the ſon of Godwin, ſhall melt away as the ſummer clouds; they ſhall fall like the flowers of the field; their ſouls will fade with the blaſting of our valour.

" Swain prepares for war; he ſounds the brazen helmet, his followers lift high the deadly ſpear.

" The ſon of Godwin appears on the bridge, his banner waves in the wind; like a ſtorm he ſcattered the troops of Swain.

" Edmund ſhot the arrows of death.

" Madded by defeat, Swain plunged into his band: the ſword of Edmund ſounded on his helmet; their ſilver ſhields were heard upon the ſtream: the ſword of Edmund ſunk to the heart of the ſon of Egwin; he bit the bloody ſand at his feet.

" Harald the Black ſtood on the bridge, he ſwelled the river with gore: he divides the head of Edmund, as the lightning tears the top of the ſtrong rock: armies melted before him, none can withſtand his rage. The ſon of Godwin views him from the hill of death; he ſeized the flaming banner, and ſounds the ſilver ſhield.

" Girth, Leofric, and Morcar, pillars of the war, fly to his ſhadow: with a troop of knights, fierce as evening wolves, they beſet Harald the Black; like a tempeſt they rage, like a rock he repels their aſſault: hills of the ſlain ariſe before him, the courſe of the ſtream is turned aſide.

" Warriors, ſaid the ſon of Godwin, though we rage like a tempeſt, like a rock he repels our aſſault. Morcar, let one of thy knights deſcend beneath the bridge, and pierce him through the back with a ſpear.

" Selwyn

"Selwyn, ſwift as a falling meteor, ſhot beneath the wave; the ſharp ſpear pierces through the back of Harald the Black; he falls like a mountain in an earthquake; his eyes ſhot fire, and his teeth gnaſhed with rage: he dies.

"The hopes of Norway are no more; Harold the Swift led his troops to the bridge; they ſtarted at the ſight of the mighty body, they wept, they fled.

"Thee, Godred, only thee! of all the thouſands of the war, prepared thy ſword for battle; they dragged thee from the field.

"Great was the ſorrow of the ſons of Norway."

Tatwallin ended his ſong, the chiefs aroſe from the green plain; they aſſemble their troops on the banks of Lexy.

Ceormond, with the green ſpear, martialled his band: he deduced his lineage from Woden, and diſplayed the ſhield of Penda. Strong as the tower of Pendragon on the hill, furious as the ſouls of the unburied warriors; his company were all chiefs.

Upon the high hills he encountered Moryon; like daſhing waves, they ruſhed to the war; their ſwords rained blood to the valley beneath. Moryon, wild as the winter's wind, raged in the fight; the pointed javelin quivered in his breaſt, he rolled down the high hill. Son of Woden, great was thy might, by thy hand the two ſons of Oſmor fell to the valley.

How are thy warriors ſtretched upon the bank of the Lexy, like willows!

Ealward, of the brown rock, who dyes his anlace in the blood of the wolves of the hill, whoſe ſpear, like a ſtar, blaſts the ſouls of the foe; ſee he ſleeps with the chiefs upon the ſkin of the wolf; the battle is raging in his fancy; he graſps the bloody ſpear; his enemies fly before him; joy and rage dance on his brow: thus ſleeping, he is as the ſun ſlightly covered with a cloud.

Dugnal, who inhabits the iſles, whoſe barks are ſwifter than the wind, ſtands on the bank of the ſtream; his eyes are bent on the ſpangling wave; his hands preſs the ſilver-headed ſpear; he is a lion in the war, in the council wiſe as the ancient prieſts.

Wilver

Wilver ſtands on the right-hand of Godred; he is a rock, unmoved by the tempeſt of war.

Lagman is a young oak; he flouriſhes in the heat of the glory of his ſire: the warriors are like the ſtars of the winter night.

The noiſe of a multitude is heard from the hills: Godred ſets his troops in order for war; they are ſeen on the brow of the hill. Many are the foes of Godred; great is the courage of his warriors.

Raignald of the iſles attends the chiefs of his foes; his arm is ſtrong as the flouriſhing oak; his wiſdom deep as the black lake; his ſwift ſhips flew over the waves; he defied to battle the prince of the mountains.

Bladdyn fell by his hand; he burnt the palace of the wood: the horn, emboſſed with gold, graced his ſpoils; he returned to his caſtle over a ſea of blood.

Dunhelm bears the banner of the foe; he is the dragon of the moſſy plain; he kept the water of the ſeven ſprings. Wynfylt, and his warriors, fought

to

to bear away the water in the horn of hoſpitality. Dunhelm aroſe from his ſtrong fort; his anlace glittered over his head.

Children of the hills, ſaid the ſon of Olave, reſtore the water to the gently-running ſtream.

The ſon of Meurig anſwered not: the anlace of Dunhelm divided his head; his blows fell like the ſtones of hail, when the loud winds ſhake the top of the lofty tree; the warriors fled like the clouds of night, at the approach of the ſun.

Elgar, from the borders of Northumberland, was among the enemies of Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black: he led his troop down the hill, and began the fight with Oſpray: like the raging of the lake of blood, when the loud winds whiſtle over the ſharp cliffs of the rock, was the noiſe of the battle.

Summerled roſe in the fight like the rays of the morning; blood beamed about him; his helmet fell from his head; his eyes were like the lights upon the billows.

Octha, who fought for Godred, oppoſed the paſſage of his rage; his ſhield was like the riſing ſun, his

his ſpear the tower of Mabyn: the ſpear of Summerled ſounded on the ſhield of Octha; he heard the ſhrill cry of joy, as the broken weapon fell to the ground: his ſword fell upon the ſhoulder of Summerled; he gnaſhed his teeth, and died.

Oſpray, like a lion, ravages the band of Elgar. Octha follows behind him, dying his long white robe in blood.

Elgar flies to the ſon of Vorti; his ſpear ſounds upon his helmet; the ſword of Octha divides the ſhield of Elgar: the Northumbrian warrior retires to his band. Dunhelm drives his long ſpear through the heart of Octha; he falls to the ground. Wilver ſets his foot upon his breathleſs corpſe, and buries him beneath the bodies of the foe.

Raignald, with his band, flies to the relief of Dunhelm: the troops of Wilver and Oſpray ſlowly retire. Dunhelm falls by the javelin of an unknown warrior; ſo falls the eagle by the arrow of the child.

Raignald rages like the fires of the mountain; the troops of Dugnal and Ceormond melt before him.

Dugnal

Dugnal lifts high his broad ſhield againſt the breaſt of Raignald; his ſword hangs over his head: the troops of Raignald retire with their chief. Ealward, and the ſon of Harald the Black, fly to the war: the foe retire before them. Raignald encourages his men: like an eagle he rages in the fight.

The troops of Godred halt; the bands of Dugnal and Ceormond forſake their leaders.

Godred retires to the bank of the Lexy; the foe followed behind, but were driven back with ſhame. On the bank of the Lexy the warriors are ſcattered like broken oaks.

Godred ſounds the ſilver ſhield; the chiefs aſſemble round his tent.

Let us again to the war, O chiefs, and drive the foe over the mountains.

They prepare for war; Dugnal leads the wolves of the iſle; with a loud voice they began the fight. Ealward falls by the ſword of Raignald. Cullifin ſcatters the javelins of fate. Fingal rages in the fight, but fell by the ſword of Elgar.

Cochlin

Cochlin heard the dying groans of his friend; his ſword pierced the heart of Elgar, he fell upon the body of Fingal.

Morvor and Eſſyr raged like ſons of blood, thouſands fell around them. Godwin ſcattered ſlaughter through the hoſt of the foe. Tatwallin ſweeps down the chief of the battle; like the noiſe of torrents rolling down the high mountains, is the noiſe of the fight; the feet of the warriors are wet with blood; the ſword of Cochlin is broken, his ſpear pierces through the foe like lightning through the oak: the chiefs of Godred fill the field with the bodies of the dead: the night approaches, and victory is undecided: the black clouds bend to the earth, Raignald and Godred both retire.

The chiefs of Godred aſſembled at the tent of council: Tatwallin, aroſe and ſung,

"When the flowers aroſe in the verdant meadows, when the birds of ſpring were heard in the grove of Thor, the ſon of Victa prepared his knights for war; ſtrong as the moſſy tomb of Urſic were the warriors he had choſe for his band; they iſſued out to the war. Wecca ſhook the crooked anlace at their head.

"Halt,

" Halt, ſaid the ſon of Victa, let the troops ſtand ſtill: ſtill as the ſilent wood, when the winds are laid aſleep, the Saxons ſtood on the ſpreading plain.

" Sons of blood! Said the immortal Wecca, the foe againſt whom we muſt fight are ſtronger than the whole power of our king; let the ſon of Henna, with three hundred warriors, be hid in the dark-brown wood; when the enemy faint in the battle, let them ſpread themſelves like the burſting cloud, and rain a ſhower of blood; the foe will be weakened, aſtoniſhed, and fly.

" The warriors held their broad ſhields over the head of the ſon of Victa; they gave him the chaplet of victory, and ſang the ſong of joy.

" Hennack, with the flower of the war, retired to the dark-brown wood: the ſun aroſe arrayed in garments of blood; Wecca led his men to the battle: like bears they raged in the fight; yet the enemy fled not, neither were they moved: the fight continued till noon; the troops of the ſon of Victa fought like the dragons of the mountain, the foe fainted, they were weakened, yet they fled not.

" The

"The ſon of Henna drew forth his band to the plain; like a tempeſt they fell upon the foe; they were aſtoniſhed; they fled.

"Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, and all the warriors who fight in his cauſe, let us purſue the ſame method; let the mountain of Secafull conceal Dugnal and three hundred choſen warriors from the eyes of Raignald; when he is ſpent in the fight, let them iſſue to the war."

Godred aroſe from his throne, he led Tatwallin to a ſeat at his right-hand.

Dugnal prepares his troop; ſing, O Tatwallin, the actions of Hengiſt and Horſa.

Tatwallin aroſe from his ſeat:

"When the black clouds ſtooped below the tops of the high hills, when the wolf came forth from the wood, when the branches of the pine periſhed, when the yews only ſmiled upon the ruſſet-heath, the ſons of Woden led the furious warriors to the bank of the ſwift ſtream; there

ſat the horſe of the hill, whoſe crooked ſword ſhone like the ſtar of the evening.

"Peada was the banner of the hills: when he waved his golden torce upon the bodies of the ſlain, the hearts of his companions beamed with victory: he joined the numerous bands of the ſons of Woden; like a ſwelling ſtream they enter the borders of the land of Cuccurcha.

"Locca of the brown valley ſounds the ſhield; the king of Urrin hears the ſound, he ſtarts from his ſeat: aſſemble the lions of war, for the enemy are upon the borders.

"Sons of Morven, upon whoſe ſhields are ſeen the hawk and the ſerpent, ſwift as the wind fly to the warriors of Abon's ſtream: ſons of war, prepare the ſpreading ſhield, the ſword of fire, the ſpear, the azure banner made ſacred by the God.

"Cuccurcha iſſues to the war, as an enemy's wolf to the field.

"Selward, whoſe face is a ſummer cloud, gleaming with the recent lightning of the ſtorms, ſhakes the broad anlace.

"Eadgar

"Eadgar and Emmieldred, ſons of the mighty Rovan, who diſcomfitted Oſniron with his ſteeds of fire, when the god of war, the blood ſtained Woden, pitched his tent on the bank of the wide lake, are ſeen in the troop.

"Creadda, whoſe feet are like thoſe of the horſe, lifts high the ſilver ſhield.

"On the plain, near the palace of Frica, he encountered with Egward; their ſwords rained blood, ſhields echoed to the valley of ſlaughter.

"Theſe were the warriors of Cuccurcha, the lions of the war.

"Hengiſt and Horſa met them on the ſandy plain; the ſhafts of death clouded the ſun, ſwift as the ſhips of Horſa, ſtrong as the arm of Suchullin: Peada ravaged the band of Cuccurcha like a mountain. Eadgar ſuſtained the blow of Hengiſt; great was the fury of Emmieldred, his ſpear divided the broad ſhield, his anlace ſunk into the heart: the ſword of Anyoni pierced the breaſt of Cuccurcha, he fell like an oak to the plain.

"Creadda rages in the battle, he is a wild boar of the wood: the anlace of Horſa ſounds on his round helm, he gnaſhes his teeth, he churns the ſmoaking gore, he dies. Locca reclines on his long ſpear, he is wearied with dealing death among his foes: the anlace of Hengiſt alights on his back, he falls to the ground.

"The men of Urrin fled to the foreſt: the lions of war, Hengiſt and Horſa, throw the ſpears of flight; they burn up the ſouls of the flying foe; the great image is red with blood; the flame lights the ſtars; the moon comes forth to grace the feaſt; the chaplet of victory hangs on the brow of the warriors."

Tatwallin ended his ſong,

The morning crept from the mountains, Dugnal with his troops retired to the foreſt on the mountain of Scoafull.

Godred Crovan, ſon of Harald the Black, the lion of Iceland, prepares for battle. Raignald came down to the plain: long was the fight and bloody.

Godred

Godred Crovan beat his anlace on the ſhield; the warriors upon the mountain heard the ſound of the ſilver ſhield; ſwift as the hunted ſtag they fly to the war, they hear the noiſe of the battle, the ſhout of the onſet ſwells in the wind, the loud din of the war increaſes, as the thunder rolling from afar; they fly down the mountains, where the fragments of the ſharp rock are ſcattered around; they aſcend like the vapours, folding up the high hill, upon the borders of Oſloch; their helmets ſweep the dawn of the morning; the ſaffron light ſhines on the broad ſhield; through the dark dells they cut a paſſage, through the dells where the beams of the ſun are never ſeen.

On the ruſhy moor of Roſſin they aſtoniſh the foe, and join in the war.

There fought Godred Crovan, death ſat on his ſword, the yelling breath of the dying foe ſhook his banner; his ſhield, the ſtream of Lexy, which urrounds the dark-brown wood, and ſhines at the noon of day; his anlace dropped blood, and tore through the helmets of the foe like the red lightning of the ſtorm.

Dugnal, chief of the mountain warriors, who drove Rygwallon from his chariot of war, lifted his ſhield and ſpear through the heart of Morval; the weapon perforated, he yelled like a wolf of the mountain, he died.

Weolmund, of the white rock, aroſe in the fight; like the fires of the earth he burnt up the ranks of the foe; his ſpear a blaſted oak, his ſhield the ſea when the winds are ſtill, he appeared a hill, on whoſe top the winter ſnow is ſeen, and the ſummer ſun melts it up: victory ſat on his helmet, death on his anlace.

Wilver, who ſupports the tottering rocks, who flies like the bird of ſummer over the plain, ſhakes the crooked ſword as he rages upon the hills of the ſlain, and is red with living gore: the ſpears of the foe are gathered about him, the ſharp javelins ſound on his ſhield; he looks around the field, the ſavage Edwin flies to his aid; like two wolves they rage in the war, their ſhields are red with blood.

The bear of the north throws his lance: the fur-clad Godard Syrric diſplays his ſtarry ſhield, the chiefs

chiefs fall at his feet, he riſes on the breaſt of Rynon, ſtorms of blood ſurround his ſword, blood flows around him.

When the ſtorm rages in the ſky, the torrents roll to the plain, the trees of the wood are borne away, the caſtle falls to the ground, ſuch was the fury of the fight on the moor of Roſſin: the chiefs fell, our foes halt, they fly ſwift as the clouds of winter. Oſpray throws the ſpear of Chaſo; ſwift as their fear he flies to the purſuit; the ſoul of Godred melted, he rolled the blue banner, wrought with gold, round the crimſon ſtream: his warriors dance around him, they ſing the ſong of Harald the Black; they hail him king; the golden ſandal is thrown over his helmet. May the Gods grant this war for empire be his laſt.

THE HIRLAS,

Tranſlated from the ancient Britiſh *of* Owen Cyfeliog, *Prince of* Powys.

ERE the ſun was ſeen on the brow of the mountain, the clanging ſhields were heard in the valley: our enemies were apalled at the ſound. The red armour of our warriors glittered till the noon of day. The foe fled from the borders; they fell in the chace like ſtones of hail; they panted like hunted wolves.

Let the Hirlas of Rhys overflow like the waters of the great river.

Where the golden banners declare the valour of Rhys, had the horn of hoſpitality long been uſed: it relieved the warriors, who fainted in the chace, and the traveller whoſe habitation is beyond the white mountains.

Bring here, O cupbearer, the carved Hirlas of mirth, which glows with livid gold: let the ſparkling mead flow around it.

Gwgwyn, prince of my table, ſon of mighty men, thine are the firſt honours of the Hirlas; ſmall is the gift of gratitude; great were thy ſervices. When thy anceſtors ſtood in the fight, victory ſtood with them; loud were their voices in the battle, as the hygra of their charge.

Fill the golden Hirlas of mirth; attend to the merits of the warriors, leſt they revenge on thee the diſgrace of their honour.

See Gryffydh, with his uplifted crimſon ſpear, expects it; he is the bulwark of the borders: ſprung from Cynfyll and the dragons of the hill; his name ſhall ever live in the ſongs of the bards. As refreſhed with the drink of mirth, his attendants fought, furious as the battle of the champions of the valley. Whilſt the tomb of Pendragon ſhall ſtand on the hill, his fame ſhall remain in the ſong.

Fill up the Hirlas to Eadnyfed, who ſits like a god upon his broken armour: like a tempeſt he fell

fell upon the ſhields of his foes: near Gyrthyn he ſlew an hoſt.

The diſtant nations heard the noiſe of the battle of Maelor; the ſound of the ſhields was heard in the mountains. Dreadful was the conflict as that of Bangor, when the warriors were trod to the ground. The princes fled: Morach beat the earth with his feet: Morvran fled over the mountain.

Fill up the golden Hirlas. Let the mead be borne to Sylliw, defender of our coaſt; to the lion of war, the ſon of Madoc; fierce as a wolf in the fight; ſoft as the moſſy bed in peace.

To the ſons of Eſſyner, bear it next: ſtrong as two rocks they raged in the fight; the braveſt champion falls before them; like ſtorms they pierce the targets of the foe, ſweeping down the multitude as the loud billows ſweep the ſand.

Fill up the badge of honour. To Tudor bear the golden Hirlas. Now to Moreiddeg, who, with his brother, aſſiſted our cauſe: valour ſet upon

upon their brows; like wolves they fought for blood. Theſe are my chiefs.

Let the golden Hirlas go round to the ſeat of Morgan, whoſe name ſhall be heard in the ſongs of our children: the ſight of his uſeleſs ſword blaſted my ſoul.

Fill up the badge of honour, the golden Hirlas. To Gronwys bear it; aſtoniſhed I ſaw him ſtand like a rock on the ſpreading plain of Giveſhun; he ſuſtained the aſſault of an army. Upon the ſandy bank of the ſea his attendants did wonders. The chief of the foe was burnt in the fire of his rage, and the gleanings of the ſword were loſt in the ſtream.

In the heat of the battle, the ſon of Gryffydh burſt his chains; Menrig again raged in the war. When the ſun ſat on the hill, we ſung the ſong of victory.

Fill the Hirlas of mirth to all the chiefs of Oweyn, who are the wolves of the mountain. Madoc and Meyler are in ſoul one; they are our caſtles. The warriors of the hill ſtood round their chief, ſtrong

ſtrong as the ſpear of Uther, ſwift in purſuit as the vapours of the night.

Fill the Hirlas with mead. Let us drink to the honour of the warriors, who fell in the war.

Bear it to Daniel, beauteous as the verdure of the foreſt, ſavage as the prowling wolf.

O cupbearer! great is thy ſervice, in diſplaying the merits of the warrior; if thou haſt not heard his fame, his ſpear flies to thy breaſt, and his followers drink thy blood.

Whilſt the lamps of joy are burning, let the Hirlas go round to the warriors who fought at Llydcomb; they fought with the rage of lions; the mead is their due: they defended Cwrys.

Let the Hirlas go round. May the Ruler of all ſend us liberty and life.

Briſtol, Jan. 3, 1770. D. B.

GORTHMUND,

TRANSLATED FROM THE SAXON.

THE loud winds whiſtled through the ſacred grove of Thor; far over the plains of Denania, were the cries of the ſpirits heard. The howl of Hubba's horrid voice ſwelled upon every blaſt, and the ſhrill ſhriek of the fair Locabara, ſhot through the midnight-ſky.

Gorthmund ſlept on his couch of purple; the blood of the ſlain was ſtill on his cruel hand: his helmet was ſtained with purple, and the banner of his father was no more white. His ſoul ſhuddered at the howl of Hubba, and the ſhrill ſhriek of Locabara: he ſhook like the trembling reed, when the loud tempeſt rolls the foaming flood over the pointed rocks: pale was his face as the eglantine, which climbs the branches of the flowery bramble. He ſtarted from his couch: his black locks ſtood upright on his head, like the ſpears which ſtand round the tent of the warriors, when the ſilver moon ſpangles on the tranquil lake.

Why

Why wilt thou torment me, Hubba; it was not by my hand that the ſword drank thy blood. Who ſaw me plunge the dagger to the heart of Locabara? No! Nardin of the foreſt was far away. Ceaſe, ceaſe, thy ſhrieks; I cannot bear them. On thy own ſword thou haſt thy death; and the fair virgin of the hills fell beneath the rage of the mountains. Leave me, leave me: witneſs Hel,* I knew not Locabara, I forced her not to my embraces; no, I ſlew her not; ſhe fell by the mountaineers. Leave me, leave me, O ſoul of Hubba!

Exmundbert, who bore the † ſilver ſhield of Gorthmund, flew from his downy couch, ſwift as the

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* *Hela*, or *Hel*, was the idol of the Danes, not, as ſome authors falſely aſſert, of the Saxons. He was the god of battle and victory. It is worthy remark, that every pagan deity of the northern nations, had his ſymbol or type, under which he was worſhipped. The type of Hel was a black raven: hence the Daniſh ſtandard was a raven. The ſymbol of Woden was a dragon, which was the ſtandard of the Saxons in general, and the arms of Weſſex.

† The office of ſhield-bearer was very ancient and honourable: the leaders of armies had generally three ſhield-bearers; one

the rumour of a coming hoſt. He ſtruck the golden cup, and the king of the flying warriors awakened from his dream of terror. Exmundbert, is he gone? Strike the ſilver ſhield, call up the ſons of battle, who ſleep on the moſſy banks of Frome. But ſtay, 'tis all a viſion; 'tis over and gone as the image of Woden, in the evening of a ſummer-day. Hence to thy tent, I will ſleep again.

Gorthmund doubled his purple robe, and ſlept again.

Loud as the noiſe of a broken rock breaking down the caverns of Seoggeſwaldſcyre*, was the voice of Hubba heard: ſharp as the cry of the bird of death at the window of the wounded warrior,

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one to bear the ſhield, painted or engraved with the ſymbol of the god, and the others were employed to ſound the ſhields of alarm.

* Seoggeſwaldſcyre, from Seggeſwald, where Ethelbald, the ninth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch of England, was ſlain in an inſurrection of his ſubjects. This poem is certainly older than Alfred's time, and is, among numerous others, a proof that the diviſion of England into ſhires, was not introduced by that glorious monarch.

when

when the red rays of the morning riſe breaking from the eaſt, and the ſoul of the ſick is flying away with the darkneſs, was the ſhriek of Locabara. Riſe from thy couch, Gorthmund, thou wolf of the evening. When the ſun ſhines in the glory of the day; when the labouring ſwain dances in the wood-land ſhade; when the ſparkling ſtars glimmer in the azure of the night, and contentment ſleeps under the ruſtic roof, thou ſhalt have no reſt. Thine are the bitter herbs of affliction; for thee ſhall the wormwood ſhed its ſeed on the bloſſoms of the blooming flower, and imbitter with its falling leaves the waters of the brook. Riſe, Gorthmund, riſe, the Saxons are burning thy tents: riſe, for the Mercians are aſſembled together, and thy armies will be ſlain with the ſword, or burnt in the image of * Tewiſk. The god of victory ſhall be red with thy blood, and they ſhall ſhout at the ſacrifice. Riſe, Gorthmund, thy eyes ſhall be cloſed in peace no more.

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* The pagan Saxons had a moſt inhuman cuſtom of burning their captives alive in a wicker image of their god Tewiſk. Whilſt this horrid ſacrifice was performing, they ſhouted and danced round the flames.

The king of the ſwift warriors ſtarted from his couch: he ſhook like an oak through which the lightnings have cut their rapid way; his eyes rolled like the lights on the Saxons barks, in the tempeſt of the dark and black night.

Exmundbert flew to his chief: he ſtruck the ſilver ſhield. Sueno of the dark lake, and the black haired Lecolwin, caught the lance and the ſhield, and preſt into the royal tent.

Warriors ſtrike the ſhields of alarm; the Mercians are aſſembled together, the Saxons are burning our tents: give the cry of war, and iſſue to the battle: come upon them by the ſide of the thick wood, near the city of * Reggaceſter. Lift the banner Reafan; and he is a worſhipper of falſe gods who with-holds his ſword from blood. The ſilver ſhield reſounded to the wood of Sel, and the † great iſland trembled at the clamorous noiſe.

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* Rowceſter, in Derbyſhire, a place of great antiquity.

† In the original *Muchilney*. As there were ſeveral iſlands of this name, the particular one here mentioned is Aubions.

Delward of the ſtrong arm, and Ax-bred of the foreſt of wolves, led the warriors to the thick wood: but quiet was the foreſt as the tranquil lake, when the winds ſleep on the tops of the lofty trees. The inhabitants of Reggaceſter ſlept in the ſtrength of their walls. The leaders returned.

There is no enemy near, O king: ſtill as the habitation of the dead, are the kingdoms around us: they have felt the ſtrength of thy arm, and will no more riſe up to oppoſe us. As the graſs falls by the hand of the mower, ſo ſhall they fall before us, and be no more. The banner Reafan ſhall be exalted, and the ſeven gods of the Saxons be trampled in the duſt. Let the armies of the north rejoice, let them ſacrifice to the gods of war, and bring out the priſoners, for the * feaſt of blood. The warriors threw down the lance, and the ſhield, and the axe of battle: the plates of braſs dropped from their ſhoulders; and they danced to the

* The Danes, not to be behind-hand with the Saxons in acts of barbarity, had alſo their bloody ſacrifices. Their captives were bound to a ſtake, and ſhot to death with arrows.

found

ſound of the * inſtrument of ſacrifice. Confuſed as the cry of the fleet dogs when the white bear is purſued over the mountains of the north: confuſed as the reſolutions of terror was the noiſe of the warriors. They danced till the mantle of midnight aſcended from the earth.

The morning ſhook the dew from her crown of roſes, on the yellow locks of the dancers; and the gleams of light ſhot through the dark grey ſky, like the reeking blood over the ſhield of ſteel. See, warriors, a dark cloud ſits on the mountain's brow, it will be a tempeſt at noon, and the heavy rains will fall upon us. Yes, ye † Danes, it will be a tempeſt, but a tempeſt of war: it will rain, but in ſhowers of blood. For the dark cloud is

* The word in the original is *Regabibol*, an inſtrument of muſic, of which, as I know nothing farther, than that it was uſed in ſacrifices, I have tranſlated as above. *Ribible*, among the Anglo-Saxons, was an inſtrument not unlike a violin, but played on with the fingers.

† In the original, *Tanmen*, which ſignifies either Danes or northern men.

the army of ‡ Segowald: he leads the flower of the warriors of Mercia, and on his right hand is the mighty ſon of battle, the great Sigebert, who leads the warriors of Weſſex.

The dance was ended; and the captives of ſacrifice bound to the ſacred tree: they panted in the pangs of death.

Sudden from the borders of the wood, was the alarm given: and the ſilver ſhield rouzed the ſun from behind the black clouds. The archers of the ſacrifice dropped the bow, and caught the lance and the ſhield. Confuſion ſpread from watch-tower to watch-tower, and the clamour rung to the diſtant hills.

Gorthmund raged like a wild boar, but he raged in vain: his whole army was diſordered, and the cry of war was mixed with the yell of retreat.

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‡ A Mercian of this name commanded the army of Offa; and a nobleman named Sigebert was of great account in the court of Brightrick, king of Eſſex.

Segowald

Segowald came near with his Mercians on the right-hand: and the great Sigebert led the Saxons round the thick wood.

The Danes rage like the tempeſt of winter, but the Mercians ſtand firm as the grove of oaks on the plains of § Ambroiſburgh: great is the ſtrength of the ſwift warriors of the north, but their troops are broken, and out of the order of battle.

The Saxons, with the great Sigebert, have incircled the wood; they rage in the fight like wolves. The Danes are preſſed on all ſides; they fly like the leaves in autumn before the ſtrong wind.

Gorthmund ſcorns to fly; he is deſcended from the ſon of battle, L'achollan, whoſe ſword put to flight the armies of Moeric, when the ſun was covered with a mantle of blood, and darkneſs deſcended upon the earth at noon-day. He bears upon his arm the ſhield of Lofgar, the keeper of the

§ Ambreſbury, in Wiltſhire, where Alfritha, wife to king Edgar, built a nunnery to atone for the murder of her ſon-in-law, Edward. In this place, Eleanor, queen to Henry the Third, lived a nun,

caſtle of Teigne. Lofgar never fled, though the lances of the foe flew about him numerous as the winged ants in ſummer. Lofgar never fled, though the warriors of the mountains hurled the rocks upon him in the valley, when he fought for the ſhield of Penda: and ſhould Gorthmund fly, Gorthmund, whoſe ſword was his law, who held juſtice in his banner?

Segowald ſought Gorthmund: he found him ſingly encountering an army.

Turn to me, ſon of Lofgar; I am Segowald of the lake haſt thou not heard of my fame in battle? When the army of Hengiſt panted on the dark-brown heath, I cheared them to the war; and the banner of victory waved over my head. Turn thy arms upon me, Gorthmund, I am worthy thy ſtrength.

The ſon of Lofgar ruſhed to the ſon of Alderwold: they fought like the children of deſtruction on the plain of Marocan. Gorthmund fell. He fell, like the mountain boar beneath the arrow of the hunter.

As the ſhades of death danced before his eyes, he heard the yell of Hubba, and the ſhrill ſhriek of Locabara: Thou art fallen, thou ſon of injuſtice, thou art fallen; thy ſhield is degraded in the duſt; and thy banner will be honoured no more! Thy ſwift warriors are fled over the plain, as the driving ſheep before the wolf. Think, Gorthmund, think on Hubba, the ſon of Crinewalch of the green hill. Think on Locabara, whom thy ſword ſent to the regions of death. Remember thy injuſtice and die.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

RECITE the loves of Narva and Mored
The prieſt of Chalma's triple idol ſaid.
High from the ground the youthful warriors ſprung,
Loud on the concave ſhell the lances rung:
In all the myſtic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning ſands advance,
Whilſt the ſoft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind:
Aſcends the mountains brow, and meaſures round
The ſteepy cliffs of Chalma's ſacred ground.
Chalma, the god whoſe noiſy thunders fly
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight ſky.
Whoſe arm directs the cloſe-embattled hoſt,
And ſinks the labouring veſſels on the coaſt.
Chalma, whoſe excellence is known from far;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the iſles,
Where Nature in her ſtrongeſt vigour ſmiles;
Where the blue bloſſom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:

Where

Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains ſhoot.

Three times the virgin, ſwimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the ſhadow of the myſtic trees:
When, like a dark cloud ſpreading to the view,
The firſt-born ſons of war and blood purſue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds diſtilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They courſe around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whoſe ſummits riſe,
Far in the ſacred regions of the ſkies;
Upon whoſe top the black'ning tempeſt lours,
Whilſt down its ſide the guſhing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which ſink in darkneſs, thick'ning and obſcure,
Impenetrable, myſtic and impure;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the ſacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twiſt around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the ſplendor of the dying day
Darts the red luſtre of the wat'ry way;

Sudden

Sudden beneath Toddida's whiſtling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies ſink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud burſting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's ſacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coaſt,
Where howls the war-ſong of the chieftain's ghoſt;
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree ſpins the uſeful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble ſun,
In ſearch of gold, thro' every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all viciſſitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's ſea,
The warriors circle the myſterious tree:
'Till ſpent with exerciſe they ſpread around
Upon the op'ning bloſſoms of the ground.
The prieſteſs riſing, ſings the ſacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning ſands of Calabar;
Far from the luſtre of the morning ſtar;

Far from the pleaſure of the holy morn;
Far from the bleſſedneſs of Chalma's horn:
Now reſt the ſouls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the duſt, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long, ſhall their attributes be known in ſong.
Their lives were tranſient as the meadow flow'r
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the priſons of the grave.
Bred to the ſervice of the godhead's throne,
And living but to ſerve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the op'ning day
When on the ſpangling waves the ſun-beams play,
When the Mackaw aſcending to the ſky,
Views the bright ſplendor with a ſteady eye.
Tall, as the houſe of Chalma's dark retreat;
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Compleatly beauteous as a ſummers ſun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.
Where the ſoft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro' ſcented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the ſweet Zinſa ſpreads its matted bed
Liv'd the ſtill ſweeter flow'r, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;
Soft as the moſs where hiſſing adders dwell.

As

As to the ſacred court ſhe brought a fawn,
The ſportive tenant of the ſpicy lawn,
She ſaw and lov'd! And Narva too forgot
His ſacred veſtment and his myſtic lot.
Long had the mutual ſigh, the mutual tear,
Burſt from the breaſt and ſcorn'd confinement there,
Exiſtence was a torment! O my breaſt!
Can I find accents to unfold the reſt!
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentleſs to a wat'ry grave;
And falling murmur'd to the pow'rs above,
"Gods! Take our lives, unleſs we live to love."

Shoreditch, *May* 2, 1770. C.

THE

THE DEATH OF NICOU,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

ON Tiber's banks, Tiber, whoſe waters glide
In ſlow meanders down to Gaigra's ſide;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Ruſhes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vaſt ſhell:
There for a while in loud confuſion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down and ſhakes the world.
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the burſting waves appear;
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows riſe,
Break from the cavern and aſcend the ſkies:
Then loſt and conquer'd by ſuperior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid courſe.
On Tiber's banks where ſcarlet jaſs'mines bloom,
And purple aloes ſhed a rich perfume:
Where, when the ſun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
Baſk in the ſedges, loſe the ſultry beam,
And wanton with their ſhadows in the ſtream,

On Tiber's banks, by ſacred prieſts rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd:
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feaſt,
The tribe of Alra ſlept around the prieſt.
He ſpoke; as evening thunders burſting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
Attend, Alraddas, with your ſacred prieſt!
This day the ſun is riſing in the eaſt;
The ſun, which ſhall illumine all the earth,
Now, now isriſing, in a mortal birth.
He vaniſh'd like a vapour of the night,
And ſunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confuſion, fear, and torment broke:
And ſtill when Midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way thro' Tiber's wat'ry ſwamp.
On Tiber's banks, cloſe rank'd, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the diſtant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arriv'd at Gaigra's higheſt ſteep,
We view the wide expanſion of the deep;
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declenſion of the circling globe;
From the blue ſea a chain of mountains riſe,
Blended at once with water and with ſkes:
Beyond our ſight in vaſt extenſion curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.

Strong

Strong were the warriors, as the ghoſt of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers, to the lawn:
When the ſoft earth at his appearance fled;
And riſing billows play'd around his head:
When a ſtrong tempeſt riſing from the main,
Daſh'd the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.
Nicou, immortal in the ſacred ſong,
Held the red ſword of war, and led the ſtrong;
From his own tribe the fable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, deſcended from the god of war,
Who liv'd coeval with the morning ſtar:
Narada was his name; who cannot tell,
How all the world thro' great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who rul'd above the ſkies,
Look'd on Narada, but with envious eyes:
The warrior dar'd him, ridicul'd his might,
Bent his white bow, and ſummon'd him to fight.
Vichon, diſdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And ſcatter'd burning arrows in the ſky;
Threw down a ſtar the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with ſupernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempeſt roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the ſea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada ſtill eſcap'd; a ſacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the ſea.

The waters ſtill aſcending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the ſky:
There Vichon ſat; his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his ſeat the heavenly warrior ſtands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god aſtoniſh'd dropt; hurl'd from the ſhore,
He drop'd to torments, and to riſe no more.
Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou ſprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.
Who led th'embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his ſhield:
That ſhield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain:
When the full ſails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came, and ſwell'd the ſeas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robuſt array,
The mighty warrior penſive took his way:
Againſt the ſon of Nair, the young Roreſt,
Once the companion of his youthful breaſt.
Strong were the paſſions of the ſon of Nair,
Strong, as the tempeſt of the evening air.
Inſatiate in deſire; fierce as the boar;
Firm in reſolve as Cannie's rocky ſhore.

Long

Long had the gods endeavour'd to deſtroy,
All Nicou's friendſhip, happineſs, and joy:
They fought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's ſon,
Never in feats of wickedneſs outdone,
Saw Nica, ſiſter to the mountain king,
Dreſt beautiful, with all the flowers of ſpring:
He ſaw and ſcatter'd poiſon in her eyes;
From limb to limb, in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimſon lip, and added grace
To every gloſſy feature of her face.
Roreſt was fir'd with paſſion at the ſight,
Friendſhip and honour, ſunk to Vicat's right:
He ſaw, he lov'd, and burning with deſire,
Bore the ſoft maid from brother, ſiſter, ſire.
Pining with ſorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And ſent to young Roreſt the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: Oh! Need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathleſs army mantled all the plain;
And Death ſat ſmiling on the heaps of ſlain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The penſive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my ſiſter's ghoſt are ſatisfy'd.

Brooke-Street, June 12.

ELEGY,

To the Memory of Mr. THOMAS PHILLIPS *of* Fairford.

NO more I hail the morning's golden gleam;
No more the wonders of the view I ſing:
Friendſhip requires a melancholy theme;
At her command the awful lyre I ſtring.

Now as I wander thro' this leafleſs grove,
Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning riſe,
How ſhall I teach the chorded ſhell to move;
Or ſtay the guſhing torrents from my eyes?

Philips, great maſter of the boundleſs lyre,
Thee would the grateful muſe attempt to paint;
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the pow'rs of language are too faint.

Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect?
O, lend my pen what animated thine,
To ſhew thee in thy native glories deckt.

The

The joyous charms of Spring delighted ſaw,
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay:
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And ev'ry image of his muſe was May.

So roſe the regal hyacinthal ſtar;
So ſhone the pleaſant ruſtic daiſied bed;
So ſeem'd the woodlands leſs'ning from afar;
You ſaw the real proſpect as you read.

Majeſtic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous ſong;
He taught the ſtream in hollow trills to glide,
And lead the glories of the year along.

When golden Autumn, wreath'd in ripen'd corn,
From purple cluſters preſs'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his ſallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the ſeaſon thine.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a duſky light, congeal'd and dead;
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue:

His train, a motley'd, ſanguine, ſable cloud,
He limps along the ruſſet dreary moor;

Whilſt riſing whirlwinds, blaſting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white ſurges to the ſounding ſhore.

Nor were his pleaſures unimprov'd by thee:
Pleaſures he has, tho' horridly deform'd:
The ſilver'd hill, the poliſh'd lake, we ſee,
Is by thy genius fix'd, preſerv'd, and warm'd.

The rough November has his pleaſures too;
But I'm inſenſible to every joy:
Farewel the laurel, now I graſp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

In thee each virtue found a pleaſing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy ſoul divine:
With thee did ev'ry power of genius dwell:
Thou wert the Helicon of all the nine.

Fancy whoſe various figure-tinctur'd veſt,
Was ever changing to a different hue:
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets dreſt,
Her eyes, two ſpangles of the morning dew.

In dancing attitude ſhe ſwept thy ſtring,
And now ſhe ſoars and now again deſcends,
And now reclining on the Zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-veſted mead ſhe bends.

Peace,

Peace, deck'd in all the ſoftneſs of the dove,
Over thy paſſions ſpread her ſilver plume:
The roſy vale of harmony and love,
Hung on thy ſoul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentleſt, ſofteſt of the virtues, ſpread
Her ſilver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her beſt diſtinguiſh'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the muſic of the ſpheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And maſſy-muſcled Strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at ſcarlet Luxury and Pain,
And did at every chearful feaſt preſide.

Content, who ſmiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry ſeeming ill;
In thy own virtue, and thy genius great,
The happy muſe laid anxious troubles ſtill.

But ſee! The ſick'ned glare of day retires,
And the meek ev'ning ſhades the duſky grey:
The weſt faint glimmers with the ſaffron fires,
And, like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, ſtretch'd upon this heav'n-aſcending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night;

I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow'd hawthorns bow;
The loud winds whiſtle thro' the echoing dell;
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the ſhrill ſhriekings of the ſcreech-owl ſwell.

With ruſtling ſound the duſky foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls:
The gurg'ling riv'let to the valley hies,
And loſt to ſight, in dying murmurs curls.

Now as the mantle of the ev'ning ſwells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! Could I charm, by friendſhip's potent ſpells,
The ſoul of Phillips from the deathy tomb!

Then would we wander thro' the dark'ned vale,
In converſe ſuch as heav'nly ſpirits uſe,
And borne upon the plumage of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exhort the muſe.

But horror to reflection! Now no more
Will Phillips ſing, the wonder of the plain,

When

When doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard the nervous ſtrain.

A mad'ning darkneſs reigns thro' all the lawn,
Naught but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into an hoary oak withdrawn,
The ſcream proclaims the curſt nocturnal bird.

Now, reſt my muſe, but only reſt to weep,
A friend made dear by every ſacred tye!
Unknown to me be comfort, peace, or ſleep,
Phillips is dead, 'tis pleaſure then to die!

FEBRUARY,

AN ELEGY.

BEGIN, my muſe, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies ſound the thrumming ſtring;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins ſing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line,
The bounding hail, or drilling rain deſcend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd maſs of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift ſudden anguiſh darts thro' alt'ring corns,
And the ſpruce mercer trembles in his ſhop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the ſtage,

Procure

Procure a benefit, amuſe the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his ſqueamiſh grace
Defies the fury of the howling ſtorm;
And whilſt the tempeſt whiſtles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcaſe warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majeſty of city dames,
Whoſe jewels ſparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raiſe ſtrange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a Highlander appears,
And conſcious of the excellence of lace,
With ſpreading frogs and gleaming ſpangles glares:

Whilſt Envy, on a tripod ſeated nigh,
In form a ſhoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute,

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a ſtrippling of eighteen;

Or

Or fabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the ſcene.

Now Foote, a looking-glaſs for all mankind,
Applies his wax to perſonal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applauſe,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilſt vers'd in all the drama's myſtic laws,
His graceful action ſaves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muſes ſing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With tranſitory darkneſs ſhadow all.

Alas! How joyleſs the deſcriptive theme,
When ſorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouſe in Cheſhire cheeſe ſupreme,
Devours the ſubſtance of the leſs'ning bayes.

Come, February, lend thy darkeſt ſky.
There teach the winter'd muſe with clouds to ſoar:
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the ſharp ſtrain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the ſpacious ſtreet,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the ſabled feet,
Whilſt gouts reſponſive, join th'elegiac ſong.

Ye damſels fair, whoſe ſilver voices ſhrill
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the ſweet cry of liberty be ſtill,
No more let ſmoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away thy ſnowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowſlip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aſide;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poiſon ſwell.

The penſion'd muſe of Johnſon is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loſs deplore,
The dregs of Nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can ſuppreſs the tear;
What ſour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot ſing—I howl—I cry—

Briſtol, Feb. 12. D.

ELEGY

ELEGY,

On W. BECKFORD Esq.

WEEP on, ye Britons—give your gen'ral tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence, each titled ſlave;
An honeſt pang ſhould wait on Beckford's bier,
And patriot anguiſh mark the patriot's grave.

When like the Roman to his field retir'd,
'Twas you, (ſurrounded by unnumber'd foes)
Who call'd him forth, his ſervices requir'd,
And took from age the bleſſing of repoſe.

With ſoul impell'd by virtue's ſacred flame,
To ſtem the torrent of corruption's tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with liberty! He came
And nobly in his coutry's ſervice died.

In the laſt awful, the departing hour,
When life's poor lamp more faint, and fainter grew;
As mem'ry feebly exercis'd her power,
He only felt for liberty and you.

He view'd death's arrow with a chriſtian eye,
With firmneſs only to a chriſtian known;
And nobly gave your miſeries that ſigh
With which he never gratified his own.

Thou, breathing ſculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his laurel everlaſting bloom;
Receiv'd his worth while gratitude has name,
And teach ſucceeding ages from his tomb.

The ſword of juſtice cautiouſly he ſway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial fault with pity he ſurvey'd,
But murder found no mercy in his ſight.

He knew when flatterers beſiege a throne,
Truth ſeldom reaches to a monarch's ear;
Knew, if oppreſs'd a loyal people groan,
'Tis not the courtier's intereſt he ſhould hear.

Hence, honeſt to his prince, his manly tongue,
The public wrong and loyalty convey'd,
While titled tremblers, ev'ry nerve unſtrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and diſmay'd.

Look'd all around, aſtoniſh'd to behold,
(Train'd up to flatt'ry from their early youth)

An artleſs, fearleſs citizen, unfold
To royal ears, a mortifying truth.

Titles to him no pleaſure could impart,
No bribes his rigid virtue could controul;
The ſtar could never gain upon his heart,
Nor turn the tide of honour in his ſoul.

For this his name our hiſt'ry ſhall adorn,
Shall ſoar on Fame's wide pinions all ſublime;
'Till heaven's own bright, and never dying morn
Abſorbs our little particle of time.

ELEGY.

HASTE, haſte, ye ſolemn meſſengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the ſhrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments ſtill ſurvive the light,
The changing ſeaſons alter not my pain.
Ye variegated children of the ſpring;
Ye bloſſoms bluſhing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that ſweetly in the hawthorn ſing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,
Faint are your colours; harſh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleaſure Nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blaſted heath, and fruitful field.
Ye ſpouting cataracts, ye ſilver ſtreams;
Ye ſpacious rivers, whom the willow ſhrowds;
Aſcend the bright-crown'd ſun's far-ſhining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-diſtilling clouds.
Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path ſpread;
Ye blaſting meteors, upon me ſhine.

Ye

Ye circling ſeaſons, intercept the year ;
Forbid the beauties of the ſpring to riſe ;
Let not the life-preſerving grain appear ;
Let howling tempeſts harrow up the ſkies.
Ye cloud-girt, moſs-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day :
Ye loud tempeſtuous billows, ceaſe to roar,
In plaintive numbers, thro' the valleys ſtray.
Ye verdant-veſted trees, forget to grow,
Caſt off the yellow foliage of your pride :
Ye ſoftly tinkling riv'lets, ceaſe to flow,
Or ſwell'd with certain death and poiſon, glide.
Ye ſolemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That reſt in lightning-blaſted oaks the day,
Thro' the black mantles take your ſlow-pac'd flight,
Rending the ſilent wood with ſhrieking lay.
Ye ſnow-crown'd mountains, loſt to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled ſkies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

TO

TO MR. HOLLAND.

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the muſes find,
To ſing thy merit in each varied part;
When action, eloquence, and eaſe combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art.

Majeſtic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young ſky-helm'd mountain-rooted tree;
Pleaſing as meadows bluſhing with the ſpring,
Loud as the ſurges of the Severn ſea.

In terror's ſtrain, as clanging armies drear!
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praiſe,
In pity gentle as the falling tear,
In all ſuperior to my feeble lays.

Black angers ſudden riſe, extatic pain,
Tormenting Jealouſy's ſelf-cank'ring ſting;
Conſuming Envy with her yelling train,
Fraud cloſely ſhrouded with the turtle's wing.

Whatever paſſions gall the human breaſt,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee by art, the dæmon ſtands confeſt,
But nature on thy ſoul has ſtamp'd the god.

So juſt thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and eaſe,
By thee the harſh line ſmoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe, we're really diſtreſt,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confeſt,
No ſingle part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

Briſtol, July 21. D. B.

ON

ON

MR. ALCOCK, OF BRISTOL.

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

YE nine, awake the chorded ſhell,
Whilſt I the praiſe of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays :
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muſe ! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo ſing his praiſe.

Nature in all her glory dreſt,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant veſt,
Her zone etherial blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand ;
The eye ſurveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties ſeem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind ;

So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid,
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow;
The hoary woods to nod:
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools,
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving show'rs,
Thy beauteous works to view:
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.

Bristol, Jan. 29, 1769. ASAPHIDES.

TO

TO MISS B----SH,

OF BRISTOL.

BEFORE I ſeek the dreary ſhore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along;
To you I urge the plaintive ſtrain,
And tho' a lover ſings in vain,
Yet you ſhall hear the ſong.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid ſneers;
With aſſiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or teaſe you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the ſun
Does his hot courſe of glory run,
And parches up the ground:
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long external dog-ſtar reigns,
And ſplendor flames around:

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenſer than my mind,
Which burns a conſtant flame:
There will I loſe thy heavenly form,
Nor ſhall remembrance, raptur'd, warm,
Draw ſhadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the ſea,
I'll drown the ſofter ſubject, thee,
And ſink each lovely charm:
No more my boſom ſhall be torne;
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cheriſh the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpoſe find
Thy ſway within my breaſt:
But hence, ſoft ſcenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be bleſt.

D. CELORIMON.

THE

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO

MISS M----- R-----, OF BRISTOL.

REVOLVING in their deſtin'd ſphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly,
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in grey
Thoſe auburn treſſes fade away;)
So youth and beauty die.

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and ſong,
And all before you bow;
Whilſt unattentive to the ſtrain,
You hear the humble muſe complain,
Or wreath your frowning brow

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In oppoſition to the nine,
Still violates your name;

Tho' tales of paſſion, meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold
Strive to confeſs a flame.

Yet when that bloom, and dancing fire,
In ſilver'd rev'rence ſhall expire,
Ag'd, wrinkl'd, and defac'd:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taſte.

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond ſimile you're fair;
Free, affable, ſerene:
Yet ſtill one attribute divine,
Should in your compoſition ſhine;
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous ſwains before you fall;
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how unſincere the ſtrains
Of thoſe, who but admire!

Accept

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of cenſure ſee
Maria can be true:
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'ns repreſentatives diſcloſe,
Or butterflies purſue.

Fly to your worthieſt lover's arms,
To him reſign your ſwelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breaſt:
Or if Pitholeon ſuits your taſte,
His muſe with tatter'd fragments grac'd,
Shall read your cares to reſt.

THE

COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE ſun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intenſely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth ſupreme,
Rolls with the planets round the ſolar gleam;
Firſt Mercury compleats his tranſient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More diſtant ſtill our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intenſe, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her ſilver glories through the night:
On the earth's orbit ſee the various ſigns,
Mark where the ſun, our year compleating, ſhines;
Firſt the bright Ram his languid ray improves;
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the ſolar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the ſultry ſhower.

Now

Now the juſt Ballance weighs his equal force,
The ſlimy Serpent ſwelters in his courſe;
The fabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempeſts, urges on his race;
Now in the Water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fiſhes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the ſanguine Mars diſplays
A ſtrong reflection of primœval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far diſtant gleams,
Scarcely enlight'ned with the ſolar beams;
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tours majeſtic thro' the ſpacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Inveſting with a double ring his pace,
He circles thro' immenſity of ſpace.
Theſe are thy wond'rous works, firſt ſource of good!
Now more admir'd in being underſtood.

Briſtol, Dec. 23. D. B.

THE

THE CONSULIAD,

AN HEROIC POEM.

OF warring ſenators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten. Muſe awake the lyre,
Where C—pb—ll's chimneys overlook the ſquare,
And N—t—n's future proſpects hang in air;
Where counſellors diſpute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert ſcratch;
A group of heroes, occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in ſilence ſat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken ſlain,
To form the whimſies of an *à-la-reine:*
Now ſtorming caſtles of the neweſt taſte,
And granting articles to forts of paſte;
Now ſwallowing bitter draughts of Pruſſian beer;
Now ſucking tallow of ſalubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and ſenates ſaw
His ſons, like aſſes, to one centre draw.

Inflated Diſcord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell:

She, on the ſoaring wings of genius fled,
And wav'd the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from ſight, ſhe ſprung,
And ſat aſtride on noiſy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, ſuperior to the venal pack
Of Bloomſbury's notorious monarch, Jack:
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty ſtock,
Whoſe intereſt winds his conſcience as his clock:
Whoſe attributes deteſtable, have long
Been evident, and infamous in ſong.
A toaſt's demanded: Madoc ſwift aroſe.
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His ſanguine fork a murder'd pigeon preſt,
His knife with deep inciſion ſought the breaſt.
Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
When thus he ſputter'd: "All the glaſſes fill,
And toaſt the great Pendragon of the hill:
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc ſprings.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You ſee the mighty monarch in his face:
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts ador'd,
Demands this proper homage of the board."

Monarchs!

" Monarchs!" ſaid Twitcher, ſetting down his beer:
His muſcles wreathing a contemptuous ſneer:
" Monarchs! Of mole-hills, oyſter-beds, a rock;
Theſe are the grafters of your royal ſtock:
My pony Scrub can fires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face;
His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his noſe and chin diſtills.
Furious he ſtarted, rage his boſom warms;
Loud as his lordſhip's morning dun he ſtorms.
" Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of ſtate:
This to thy head notorious Twitcher ſends."
His ſhadow body to the table bends:
His ſtraining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In theſe degenerate days, for three a meal:
In antient times, as various writers ſay,
An alderman or prieſt, eat three a day.
With godlike ſtrength, the grinning Twitcher plies,
His ſtretching muſcles and the mountain flies.
Swift, as a cloud that ſhadows o'er the plain,
It flew and ſcatter'd drops of oily rain.
In oppoſition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's ſpreading cheſt it drives:
Senſeleſs he falls upon the ſandy ground,
Preſt with the ſteamy load that ooz'd around.

And

And now confuſion ſpread her ghaſtly plume,
And faction ſeparates the noiſy room.
Balluntun, exercis'd in every vice
That opens to a courtiers paradiſe,
With D—ſ—n trammel'd, ſcruples not to draw
Injuſtice up the rocky hill of law:
From whoſe humanity the laurels ſprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, ſtarting from his chair,
To Fortune thus addreſs'd his private prayer:
" Goddeſs of fate's rotundity, aſſiſt
With thought-wing'd victory my untry'd fiſt:
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Ruſſian frigates at thy ſhrine ſhall burn;
Nine rioters ſhall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each ſtreet."
The goddeſs ſmil'd, or rather ſmooth'd her frown,
And ſhook the triple feathers of her crown:
Inſtill'd a private penſion in his ſoul.
With rage inſpir'd, he ſeiz'd a Gallic roll:
His burſting arm the miſſive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whiſtling flew,
Curraras, for his Jewiſh ſoul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear and kiſt the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the miniſter's or felon's part:

Grown

Grown hoary in the villanies of ſtate,
A title made him infamouſly great.
A ſlave to venal ſlaves; a tool to tools:
The repreſentative to knaves and fools.
But ſee! Commercial Briſtol's genius ſit,
Her ſhield a turtle-ſhell, her lance a ſpit.
See, whilſt her nodding aldermen are ſpread,
In all the branching honours of the head;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cauſe,
With beef and ven'ſon their attention draws:
They drink, they eat, then ſign the mean addreſs;
Say, could their humble gratitude do leſs?
By diſappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies;
Red lightnings flaſhing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher ſtands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fiſt, his ſhadow'd corps defends
The other on Balluntun's eyes deſcends:
A darkling, ſhaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguiſh and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adverſary's ſide:
With patt'ring blows prolongs th'unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune, (or ſome higher power, or god)
Oblique extended forth a ſable rod:

As

As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd ſerpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Cruſh'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewiſh ſoul renown'd,
Aroſe; but deafen'd with a ſinging ſound,
A cloud of diſcontent o'erſpread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
Around his head a roaſted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla ſauces on his curls:
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper ſparkles in his eyes:
His India waiſtcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the ſpoil.

The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulſes fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquiſh'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of ſhew,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, diſgrac'd below.
Nor ſwords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could ſcold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:

A ruſty link of miniſterial chain ;
A living glory of the preſent reign.
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the ſame line as royal Madoc ſprung ;
Occur'd, the object of his burſting ire,
And on his noſe receiv'd the weapon dire :
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood.
Mad as a bull by daring maſtiffs tore,
When ladies ſcream and greaſy butchers roar:
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiſs'd his own dear lady in the dark.
The lineal repreſentative of kings,
A carving weapon ſeiz'd, and up he ſprings:
A weapon long in cruel murders ſtain'd,
For mangling captive carcaſes ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the riſing ſcenes of horror ſtill ;
In Fero's perſon ſeiz'd a ſhining pot,
Where bubbled ſcrips, and contracts flaming hot:
In the fierce Cambrians breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the ſhrieking cry,

Loud

Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny roſe, as mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus the glory of a maſquerade;
Whoſe every action is of trifles made:
At Graft—n's well-ſtor'd table ever found;
Like G—n too for every vice renown'd.
G—n to whoſe immortal ſenſe we owe,
The blood which will from civil diſcord flow:
Who ſwells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, they outhful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, ſaw the dreary fray:
Amidſt the greaſy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his ſuit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence, and eaſy flow
Of talk verboſe whoſe meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haſte,
His foot upon a ſmoking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his ſhoe,
Swift from the roſtrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he diſdains,
To ſpoil his pretty counteance with ſtrains.
Remounted on the table, now he ſtands,
Waves his high powder'd-head and ruffled hands.

" Friends! Let this clang of hoſtile fury ceaſe,
Ill it becomes the plenipo's of peace:
Shall olio's, from internal battle dreſt,
Like bullets outward perforate the breaſt;
Shall jav'lin bottles blood ætherial ſpill;
Shall luſcious turtle without ſurfeit kill."
More had he ſaid: when from Dogloſtock flung,
A cuſtard pudding trembled on his tongue:
And, Ah! Misfortunes ſeldom come alone,
Great Twitcher riſing ſeiz'd a poliſh'd bone;
Upon his breaſt the oily weapon clangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alavat in common ſtil'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
Burſting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimſon blood and vital ſpirits fraught,
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he ſends;
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the ſtubborn veſſel ſounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
He fell. The royal Madoc riſing up,
Repos'd him weary, on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, firſt projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:

The

The ſanguine tumour ſwells; again he falls;
On his broad cheſt the bulky Doxo ſprawls.
Tyro the ſage, the ſenſible, the ſtrong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muſe-taught ſong.
Tyro, for nerocmancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reaſons interven'd,
De Viris penſion'd, the defaulter ſcreen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—thc—r fifty Jefferies's appear,
Tyro ſtood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
In languid attitudes a truce deſir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confuſion dire
Has hid ſome circumſtances from the lyre:
Suffice it, that each hero kiſs'd the ground,
Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
Who ſtretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus iſſu'd forth his dread command.
" Peace, wrangling ſenators, and placemen, peace,
In the King's name, let hoſtile vengeance ceaſe!"
Aghaſt the champions hear the furious ſound,
The fallen unmoleſted leave the ground.
" What fury, nobles, occupies your breaſt;
What patriots ſpirits has your minds poſſeſt.
Nor honorary gifts, nor penſions, pleaſe,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!

How? Wiſt you not what ancient ſages ſaid,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty-thouſand dreſt;
Be every thought of enmity at reſt:
Divide it and be friends again," he ſaid:
The council god return'd; and diſcord fled.

Briſtol, Jan. 4, 1770. C.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

JOYLESS I ſeek the ſolitary ſhade,
Where duſky Contemplation veils the ſcene,
The dark retreat (of leafleſs branches made)
Where ſick'ning ſorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darkſome ruins of ſome ſacred cell,
Where erſt the ſons of Superſtition trod,
Tott'ring upon the moſſy meadow, tell
We better know, but leſs adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Thro' the wide window (once with myſteries dight)
The diſtant foreſt, and the dark'ned wave
Of the ſwoln Avon raviſhes my ſight.

But ſee the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a fabled blue;
The rapt'ring proſpects fly the leſs'ning lawn,
And Nature ſeems to mourn the dying view.

Self-ſprighted Fear creeps ſilent thro' the gloom,
Starts at the ruſt'ling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghaſt with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plantive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with inceſſant ſcream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the ſoul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary ſtillneſs broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyleſs I ſeek the darkling hill and dale;
Where'er I wander ſorrow ſtill is there.

Briſtol, Nov. 17. 1769.

THE

THE PROPHECY.

When times are at the worſt they will certainly mend.

I.

THIS truth of old was ſorrow's friend,
" Times at the worſt will ſurely mend."
The difficulty's then to know,
How long oppreſſion's clock can go;
When Britain's ſons may ceaſe to ſigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peereſſes turn'd out o'doors;
Whoremaſters peers, and ſons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III. When

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board ſhall take her place;
And lords-commiſſioners reſort,
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IV.

See Penſion's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance ſafe, by Current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When Civil-Power ſhall ſnore at eaſe,
While ſoldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders ſanctuary find,
And petticoats can Juſtice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her ſail.
When ſhe complains of vile reſtraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors ſhall begin,
Oppreſſion's hedge to keep her in;
She in diſdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to ſave debate,
By prudent miniſters of ſtate;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by prerogative;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh!
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When Popiſh biſhops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name ;
By Treaſon's hand ſet up, in ſpite
Of George's title, William's right ;
Look up, ye Britons ! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

X.

When Popiſh prieſt a penſions draws
From ſtarv'd exchequer, for the cauſe
Commiſſion'd, proſelytes to make
In Britiſh realms, for Britain's ſake ;
Look up, ye Britons ! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XI.

When ſnug in power, ſly recuſants
Make laws for Britiſh Proteſtants ;
And d—g William's Revolution,
As juſtices claim execution ;
Look up, ye Britons ! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XII. When,

XII.

When ſoldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride ſlay innocence;
Bloodfrom the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquiſition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIII.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the prieſt for ſacrifice,
And doom'd a victim, for the ſins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When Stewards paſs a *boot* account,
And credit for the groſs amount;
Then to replace exhauſted ſtore,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV. When

XV.

When ſcrutineers for private ends,
Againſt the vote declare their friends;
Or judge as you ſtand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! ceaſe to ſigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George ſhall condeſcend to hear
The modeſt ſuit, the humble prayer;
A prince, to purp'led pride unknown!
No favourites diſgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! ſigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time ſhall bring your wiſh about,
Or, ſeven-years leaſe, *you ſold*, is out;
No future contract to fulfil;
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raiſe up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII. Then

XVIII.

Then is your time to ſtrike the blow,
And let the *ſlaves* of Mammon know,
Britain's true ſons A BRIBE can ſcorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again ſhall take her ſeat,
And your redemption ſtand compleat.

FRAGMENT

FRAGMENT

OF A SERMON

BY THE CELEBRATED ROWLIE.

To the Editor *of the* Gentleman's MAGAZINE.

SIR

THE late publication of a volume of poems, ſaid to have been written by Thomas Rowlie, in the 15th century, having given riſe to ſome ingenious criticiſms reſpecting their authenticity, I beg leave to ſend you the following fragment of a ſermon by the ſame author. It was given to me ſome time ſince by Mr. George Catcott, whoſe name has been ſo often mentioned on the preſent occaſion, and to whoſe inquiſitive diſpoſition, and very commendable zeal, the public is principally indebted for the preſervation and appearance of theſe valuable productions of antiquity. It may be neceſſary to inform you, that, when Chatterton gave this fragment to his friend, he was utterly (and ever after continued) unacquainted with any language but his mother-tongue; and that the

the citations of theſe languages, from two antient authors, have been fully authenticated. The poetical talents of our bard are eſtabliſhed by the publication of his poems; but the following fragment of a ſermon on the divinity of the Holy Spirit, diſplays him in the more illuſtrious character of an orthodox divine. Every circumſtance which tends to throw light on the hiſtory of Rowlie ſhould be given to the public, and his ſentiments on ſo eſſential a point of the Chriſtian religion by no means ſuppreſſed, notwithſtanding they may not have the ſanction of an age unhappily overgrown with Arianiſm and infidelity. Chatterton himſelf, although he totally diſbelieved the ſubject of the fragment, had, however, the ingenuity to produce it; and I am ſorry that the ingenuous editors had not thought it (and ſome others of Rowlie's proſe productions in their poſſeſſion) worthy of being publiſhed together with his poetical compoſitions.

Yours, &c. A. B.

I have been favoured with the peruſal of ſome proſe MSS. now in Mr. Catcot's poſſeſſion, that prove Rowlie's exiſtence beyond the poſſibility of a doubt.

Fragment.

Havynge whylomme ynn dyſcourſe provedd, orr ſoughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryſte bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I ſhalle in nexte place ſeeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moſte bee ſupplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye Spryte toe aſſyſte hys flocke ynn theſe wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you.* Lette us dhere deſyerr of hymm toe ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and you ynn underſtandynge hys deeite: lette us ſaye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adeſto, Sancte Spiritus, & paracleſin tuam expectantibus illabere cælitus; ſanctifica templum corporis noſtri, & conſecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle ſayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the perſonne and glorye of the thryrde perſonne. The perſonne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved from

fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter, fayethe, of the fame eſſentyall matterr as the Fadre andc Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moſte undiſputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde moovedd uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn ot the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeitie. I fayde, ynn mie laſte diſcourſe, the promyſe of Chryſte, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the foughle of hys decyples; howe coulde heie foe but bie myſſyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the perſonallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie yttſelfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges andc vyrtues of a manns mynde, ſythence bie hymm wee bee toe faſt keepe yeſe goode thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt ſelfe, meethynckes the cuſtos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of thoſe goode thynges and bie hys obeiſaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte bee doltyſh ne hereticalle toe faie, whate wee calle conſyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forſake our evylle waies before he dothe ſolely leave our ſteinedd foughles. Nete bee a greaterr prooſe of mie ar-

gument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forſlaggen hymm, hee agayne rayſedd mann fromm the duſte, ande havethe ſavedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he rayſedd Chryſte fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, ande hee ſchalle deſtroye ytt. Gyff the Spyrte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the poſeſſynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne ſayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette ſuche dothe the Spryte. Thus ſayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys:

Γενᾶται Χριςῷ προϱρέχει Βαπτιζεϱαι μαϱτυρεῖ Πειραζέται αναϱεῖ Δυναμεις ἐπιϱελεῖ Συμπαραμαϱτεῖ Ανέρχεϱαι.

MEMOIRS

MEMOIRS OF

SIR WILLIAM CANYNGE

Chiefly collected from ROWLEY'S *Poems.*

SIR William Canynge, whom Rowley juſtly ſtyles "a grete and goode man, the favouryte of Godde, the friende of the chyrche, the companyonne of kynges, and the fadre of hys natyve cittie," was a younger ſon of a citizen of Briſtol. In his youth he gave early dawnings of wiſdom and learning;

"As wiſe as anie of the eldermenne,
He'd wytte enowe to make a mayre at tenne."
Story of Mr. William Canynge, p. 283.

He was alſo of a comely perſon, but married, it ſeems, for love, without a fortune. Soon after, however, his father and elder brother, who both loved money as much as he deſpiſed it, died, and left him large eſtates in land and money, with his

brother John * dependent upon him; on which he founded a chauntry for their ſouls,

> " And put hys broder ynto ſyke a trade,
> That he Lorde Mayre of Londonne towne was made,"
> *Ibid. p.* 284.

in the year 1456. But ſoon this dawning was overcaſt by the death of his wife, his ſecond ſelf. Of his native city he was mayor five times; and beſide ſeveral other charities, founded an almshouſe or hoſpital (which is yet in being) at Redcliff hill, and built a chapel, and that noble church of St. Mary Redcliff, the fineſt pariſh-church in England,

> " The mayſtrie of a human hande,
> The pryde of Bryſtowe and the Weſterne lande."
> *On our Ladies Chyrche.*

When Sir Baldwin Fulford was executed at Briſtol for treaſon in 1461, 1 Edward IV. Canynge, being then mayor, made great interceſſion

* Called *Thomas* by Stow, in his liſt of Mayors.

for

for him to the King, † who heard him graciouſly, having been much his friend, though he would not grant his requeſt. When he was knighted does not appear. Rowley has dedicated to him his tragedy of Ælla, in two epiſtles. To that of Godwyn Canynge wrote the prologue, and in it acted the part of King Edward the Confeſſor. Four poems of his are alſo printed with Rowley's. In 1467, a ſecond match being propoſed by the King between him and a lady of the Wideville (the Queen's) family, Sir William went into orders purpoſely to avoid it, being ordained acolythe, by his friend Biſhop Carpenter ‡ of Worceſter, 19th of September, and receiving the higher orders of ſub-deacon, deacon, and prieſt,

† Then Maiſter Canynge ſoughte the Kinge,
And felle down onne hys knee;
"I'm come," quod he, "unto your Grace,
To move your clemencye."
The Deathe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

‡ Rowley, in his dedication of Ælla, ſays,
"Goode Byſhoppe Carpynter dyd byd mee ſaie,
He wyſche you healthe and felineſſe (1) for aie."

(1) Happineſs.

12th of March, 1467, the 2d and 16th of April, 1468, respectively. Being then made dean of the collegiate church of Westbury, Wilts, with his usual munificence he rebuilt that college. Soon after his taking orders, he gave, by a deed of trust, dated 20th of October, 1467, in part of a benefaction of 500l. to St. Mary Redcliff church, "*certain jewels* of Sir Theobald Gorges‖, Knt." which had been pawned to him for 160l.

Full of good works, he died in the year 1474, and was buried in Redcliff church, where two monuments were erected to his memory, one with his effigies in the robes of a magistrate, the other in those of a priest, cut in white marble. Besides his many other charitable donations, he settled lands to pay 44l. *per annum* to the sheriffs,

‖ Sir Theobald Gorges was a Knight of an ancient family seated at Wraxhall, within a few miles of Bristol. (See *Rot. Parl.* 3 H. VI. n. 28. Leland's Itin. Vol. vii. p. 98.) He was an actor in both Rowley's tragedies, and wrote one of the *Mynstrelles Songes*, in Ælla, p. 91, "Rowley, Iscamm and *Tyb. Gorges*," are mentioned by Canynge as three of his friends, in his "Accounte of his Feast."

in lieu of toll demanded by them, at the city gates. For an account of the cheſts depoſited by him in Redcliff church, ſee pp. 272-3.

Sir W. Canynge had alſo a cabinet of curioſities, which he had collected with very great expence, and Rowley aſſiſted him in making the collection. The greateſt part of a large folio was filled with his compoſitions. This folio, Rowley ſays. "was a preſente wordie of a grete kynge;" and the loſs of it will be ſincerely regretted by the friends of literature, as the writings might have thrown ſome light on the learning of thoſe times. Canynge was alſo a man of an extenſive genius, and a liberal turn of mind, the diſtinguiſhed patron of literature, and a lover of the fine arts. Rowley, it appears by his writings, lived in the greateſt intimacy with him, and received very extraordinary marks of his favour and generoſity. On all occaſions he ſhews his gratitude to his illuſtrious friend, takes perpetual delight in dwelling on his many amiable virtues, and conſtanly manifeſts an earneſt deſire of tranſmitting his fame to poſterity. This appears not only in many of his poems, but alſo in the following proſe work, preſerved by Chatterton,

Chatterton, and printed in the Town and-Country Magazine for Nov. 1775, which, as a literary curioſity, our readers, we doubt not, will be glad to ſee re-publiſhed here, with ſeveral corrections. For other particulars of this Mæcenas of the Briſtol Virgil, they muſt wait till Mr. Barrett favours the world with his hiſtory of that city.

Some farther Account of this extraordinary Perſon, written by Rowley *the Prieſt.*

" I was fadre confeſſor to maſteres Roberte and maſtre William Cannings. Maſtre Robert was a man after his fadre's own harte, greedie of gaynes and ſparynge of alms deedes; but maſter William was mickle courteous, and gave me many marks in my needs. At the age of 22 years deaces'd maſter Roberte, and by maſter William's deſyre bequeathd me one hundred marks; I went to thank maſter William for his mickle courteſie, and to make tender of myſelfe to him.—Fadre quod he, I have a crotchett in my brayne, that will need your aide. Maſter William, ſaid I, if you command me I will go to Roome for you; not ſo farr diſtant, ſaid he: I ken you for a mickle learnd prieſt; if you will

leave

leave the paryſh of our ladie, and travel for mee, it ſhall be mickle to your profits.

" I gave my hands, and he told mee I muſt goe to all the abbies and pryorys, and gather together auncient drawyings, if of anie account, at any price. Conſented I to the ſame, and purſuant ſett outt he Mundaie following for the minſter of our Ladie and Saint Goodwyne, where a drawing of a ſteeple, contryvd for the belles when runge to ſwaie out of the ſyde into the ayre, had I thence; it was done by Syr Symon de Mambrie, who, in the troubleſomme rayne of kyng Stephen, devoted himſelfe, and was ſhorne.

" Hawkes ſhowd me a manuſcript in Saxonne, but I was onley to bargayne for drawyings.—The next drawyngs I metten with was a church to be reard, ſo as in form of a croſs, the end ſtanding in the ground; a long manuſcript was annexd. Maſter Canning thought no workman culd be found handie enough to do it.—The tale of the drawers deſerveth relation.—Thomas de Blunderville, a preeſte, although the preeſte had no allows, lovd a fair mayden, and on her begatt a ſonn. Thomas educated his ſonn; at ſixteen years he went into the

the warrs, and neer did return for five years.—His mother was married to a knight, and bare a daughter, then ſixteen, who was ſeen and lovd by Thomas, ſonn of Thomas, and married to him, unknown to her mother, by Ralph de Meſching, of the minſter, who invited, as cuſtom was, two of his brothers, Thomas de Blunderville and John Heſchamme. Thomas nevertheleſs had not ſeen his ſonn for five years, yet kennd him inſtauntly; and learning the name of the bryde, took him aſydde and diſclosd to him that he was his ſonn, and was weded to his own fiſtre. Yoynge Thomas toke on ſo that he was ſhorne.

" He drew manie fine drawyings on glaſs.

" The abott of the minſter of Peterburrow ſold it me; he might have bargaynd 20 marks better, but maſter William would not part with it. The prior of Coventree did ſell me a picture of great account, made by Badilian Y'allyanne, who did live in the reign of Kynge Henrie the Firſt, a mann of fickle temper, havyng been tendred ſyx pounds of ſilver for it, to which he ſaid naie, and afterwards did give it to the then abott of Coventriee.

Coventriee. In brief, I gathered together manie marks value of fine drawyings, all the works of mickle cunning —Maſter William culld the moſt choiſe parts, but hearing of a drawying in Durham church hee did ſend me.

" Fadree, you have done mickle well, all the chatills are more worth then you gave; take this for your paynes: ſo ſaying, he did put into my hands a purſe of two hundreds good pounds, and did ſay that I ſhould note be in need; I did thank him moſt heartily.—The choiſe drawyng, when his fadre did dye, was begunn to be put up, and ſomme houſes neer the old church eraſed; it was drawn by Aſlema, preeſte of St. Cutchburts, and offerd as a drawyng for Weſtminſter, but caſt aſyde, being the tender did not ſpeak French.—I had now mickle of ryches, and lyvd in a houſe on the hyll, often repayrings to maſtere William, who was now lord of the houſe. I ſent him my verſes touching his church, for which he did ſend me mickle good things.—In the year kyng Edward came to Briſtow, maſter Cannings ſend for me to avoid a marrige which the kyng was bent upon between him and a ladie he neer had ſeen, of the familee of the Winddevilles; the danger were

were nigh, unleſs avoided by one remidee, an holie one, which was, to be ordained a ſonn of holy church, beyng franke from the power of kynges in that cauſe, and cannot be wedded.—Mr. Cannings inſtauntly ſent me to Carpenter, his good friend, biſhop of Worceſter, and the Fryday following was prepaird and ordaynd the next day, the daie of St. Mathew, and on Sunday ſung his firſt maſs in the church of our Ladie, to the aſtoniſhing of kyng Edward, who was ſo furiouſly madd and ravyngs withall, that maſter Cannings was wyling to give him 3000 markes, which made him peace again, and he was admyted to the preſence of the kyng, ſtaid in Briſtow, partook of all his pleaſures and paſtimes till he departed the next year.

" I gave maſter Cannings my Briſtow tragedy, for which he gave me in hands twentie pounds, and did praiſe it more then I did think my ſelf did deſerve, for I can ſay in troth I was never proud of my verſes ſince I did read maſter Chaucer; and now haveing nought to do, and not wyling to be ydle. I went to the minſter of our Ladie and Saint Goodwin, and then did purchaſe the Saxon manuſcripts, and ſett my ſelfe dili-

gentley to tranſlate and worde it in Engliſh metre, which in one year I performd and ſtyled it the Battle of Haſtyngs; maſter William did bargyin for one manuſcript, and John Pelham, an eſquire, of Aſhley, for another.—Maſter William did praiſe it muckle greatly, but adviſd me to tender it to no man, beying the menn whoſe name were therein mentiond would be offended. He gave me 20 markes, and I did goe to Aſhley, to maſter Pelham, to be payd of him for the other one I left with him.

"But his ladie being of the family of the Fiſcamps, of whom ſome things are ſaid, he told me he had burnt it, and would have me burnt too if I did not avaunt. Dureing this dinn his wife did come out, and made a dinn to ſpeake by a figure, would have over founded the bells of our Ladie of the Cliffe; I was fain content to gett away in a ſafe ſkin.

"I wrote my Juſtice of Peace, which maſter Cannings adviſd me ſecrett to keep, which I did; and now being grown auncient I was ſeizd with great pains, which did coſt me mickle of marks to be cured off.—Maſter William offered me a cannon's

cannon's place in Weſtbury-College, which gladly had I accepted but my pains made me to ſtay at home. After this miſchance I livd in a houſe by the Tower, which has not been repaird ſince Robert Conſull of Glouceſter repayrd the caſtle and wall; here I livd warm, but in my houſe on the hyll the ayer was mickle keen: ſome marks it coſt me to put in repair my new houſe; and brynging my chattles from the ould; it was a fine houſe, and I much marville it was untenanted. A perſon greedy of gains was the then poſſeſſour, and of him I did buy it at a very ſmall rate, having lookd on the ground works and mayne ſupports, and fynding them ſtaunch, and repayrs no need wanting, I did buy of the owner, Geoffry Coombe, on a repayring leaſe for 99 years, he thinkying it would fall down everie day; but with a few marks expence did put it up in a manner neat, and therein I lyvd."

ANTIQUITY

OF

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

IN the days of our anceſtors, Chriſtmas was a period ſacred to mirth and hoſpitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boaſt of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious ſeaſons fled with popery, and old Engliſh hoſpitality is long ſince deceaſed. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of diſſipation and joyleſs feſtivity, cannot diſtinguiſh this ſeaſon; unleſs by reſting from their laborious pleaſures, and (if they can think) find a happy ſerenity in ſolitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes.—The ancient Chriſtmas gambols were, in my opinion, ſuperior to our modern ſpectacles and amuſements; wreſtling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleaſures for men; it is true, the converſation of the hearth-ſide was the tales of ſu-

perſtition: the fairies, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and croſs their chins; but the laughable exerciſes of blindman's buff, riddling, and queſtion and command, ſufficiently compenſated for the few ſudden ſtarts of terror. Add to theſe amuſements, the wretched voices of the chanters and ſub chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of conſecrated bells; the burning conſecrated wax candles; curiouſly repreſenting the Virgin Mary; praying the ſaint whoſe monaſtery ſtood neareſt; the munching conſecrated croſs-loaves, ſold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the ſpectres of their terrific ſtories. Nor were theſe the only charms againſt the foul fiends, and night-mare; ſleeping croſs-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy buſh and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes againſt thoſe inviſible beings. After this repreſentation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horſe, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amuſements of the days of old; but let the ſentimental reader conſider that the tales of ſuperſtition, when believed, affect the ſoul with a ſenſation pleaſurably

ſurably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they ſpoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights uſually kept open houſe during this ſeaſon, when their villains, or vaſſals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, waſtol cake, or Chriſtmas kitchel, and a groat in ſilver at parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the maſter of the houſe. Sometimes the feſtival continued, till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his ſteward, took the deis, or upper ſeat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Chriſtmas kitchels.—This kind of liberality, endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A regiſter of the nunnery of Keynſham relates, that William, earl of Gloceſter, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynſham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights

by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and ſervants, by minſtrels.

Here is plainly a diſtinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble repreſentations comprehended under the name plays. The firſt were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons, were uſually family hiſtories, the monk, who repreſented the maſter of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without ſleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In theſe domeſtic performances abſurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges, Conſtance, counteſs of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three huſbands in the compaſs of an hour. Sometimes theſe pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monaſteries had the ſervice of the monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the ſame contained nothing againſt God or the church. The public exhibitions were ſuperior to the private; the plot, generally, the life of ſome pope, or the

founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have ſeen ſeveral of theſe pieces, moſtly Latin, and cannot think our anceſtors ſo ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would repreſent: they had a good moral in view, and ſome of the maumeries abound with wit, which though low now was not ſo then. Minſtrels, jeſters, and mummers, was the next claſs of performers; every knight had two or thee minſtrels and jeſters, who were maintained in his houſe, to entertain his family in their hours of diſſipation; theſe Chaucer mentions in the following paſſages:

Doe comme, he ſaied, myn mynſtrales,
And jeſtours for to tellen us tales,
Anon in mye armyage.
Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
Of popes and of cardinals,
And eke of love longynge.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynſtrales,
And jeſtours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepynge and of yame,
And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
Third Book of Fame.

D.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country Magazine.

SIR,

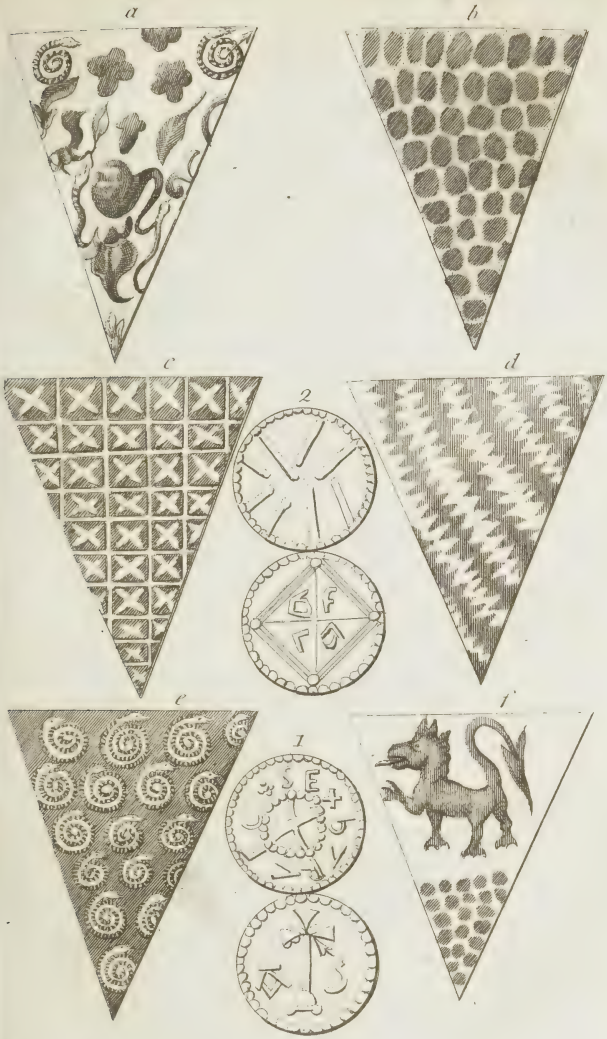
HEREWITH I ſend you ſome curious Saxon achievements; an inedited coin of Sexburgeo, wife of Kinewalch, king of the Weſt-Saxons, after whoſe death ſhe reigned queen; and a Saxon amulet.

As no part of antiquity is ſo little known as Saxon heraldry, I ſhall not pretend to be infallible in the following conjectural explanation of the bearings.

a. A ſhield, amezz; *i. e.* painted irregularly with flowers, fruits, leaves, and inſects; the field, argent; charge, proper.

b. A ſhield, aaᵭoᵭ; and were little round cakes of green wheat offered to the afgod or leſſer idol of the Saxons; field, or; charge, vert.

c. A ſhield,



Saxon Achievements. Page 134.

c. A ſhield, aꝼɲaꞇen, carved with croſſes, patee; no ſettled tincture.

d. A ſhield, þunðeɲ-ꝼlaeȝoð, reblaſted, repreſenting lightning; an irregular kind of dauncettie, argent and gules.

e. A ſhield of Keẏna, ſo called from St. Keyna*, a Saxon virgin, who is falſely ſaid to have turned ſerpents into ſtone; field, vert; charge, murrey.

f. A ſhield aꝼȝoðoð, charged with an afgod, and baſo aadod. The afgod was an image like a dragon, as in the cut, placed at the feet of Woden: it was the ancient arms of Weſſex, which has been often falſely blazoned, a griffin, ſergeant. Camden mentions a proceſſion in ſome part of England, where was diſplayed in a banner, a giant and dragon: this he did not know how to account for. Had he looked into the

* Camden makes Keyna a Britiſh virgin, which is evidently a miſtake.

Saxon mythology, he might have found that the heathen Saxons, in the ſpring, uſed to bear in proceſſion, a banner, argent, where was diſplayed the god Woden, azure: and this afgod his uſual attendant, gules.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Briſtol, May 15 1769. D. B.

ANECDOTE

ANECDOTE OF CHAUCER.

AFTER Chaucer had diſtributed copies of the tale of Piers Plowman, a Franciſcan friar wrote a ſatiric maumery upon him; which was acted at the monaſteries in London, and at Woodſtock before the court. Chaucer not a little nettled at the poignancy and popularity of the ſatire, meeting his antagoniſt in Fleet-ſtreet, beat him with his dagger; for which he was fined two ſhillings, as appears by a record of the Inner Temple, where Chaucer was a ſtudent.

ANECDOTE CONCERNING
LORD JEFFRIES.

A Few months before the abdication of the daſtardly tyrant James II. lord chancellor Jeffries, of deteſted memory, went to Arundel, in Suſſex, in order to influence an election. He took his reſidence at the caſtle, and went the day fixed for the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peckam, who was then mayor of Arundel, held his court. Jeffries had the impudence to ſhew his bloody face there: the mayor ordered him to withdraw immediately; and in caſe of refuſal, threatened to have him committed. "You," ſaid he, "who "ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our "ſacred conſtitution, ſhall not ſo audaciouſly vio-"late them. This is my court, and my juriſdic-"tion here is above yours." Jeffries, who was not willing to perplex ſtill more the king's affairs, and to enrage the populace, retired immediately. The next morning he invited Peckham to breakfaſt with him, which he accepted; but he had the courage to ſcorn to take a place, which the mercileſs executioner offered him.

Taken from the Records of the Town of Arundel.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING a little curious in antiquities, I have found that the Saxon heralds had theſe three tinctures, Heofnas, Weal, and Ocyre. Heofnas, (that is, in Saxon, Heaven) I take to be azure. Weal, (that is, ſtrange or foreign) purpure, tenne, or any other colour brought from foreign countries: and Ocyre may be the ſame with oker, a yellow foſſil, and ſignifies or.

If any of your ingenious correſpondents (whether heralds or antiquaries) do not approve of my conjectures, I ſhould be glad to know their opinion of the above.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

Briſtol, Feb. 4. 1769. D. B.

To

To the Editor *of the* Town *and* Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

As you mention, that Henry II. introduced the dreſs called court-mantle, the following copy of a manuſcript, written three hundred years ago, by one Rowley, a monk, concerning the ſaid dreſs, may not be unacceptable.

BRIGHHIKE * haveinge ymade Seyncte Baldwynnes † chapele ynto a houſe, Kynge Harrie ſecundus, in his yinge daies was there taughte. Yn the walle of ſayde houſe, was an ‡ ymagerie of a Saxonne § Ab-thane, || crabbatelie ywroghtenne, with a mantille of eſtate, whyche yinge Harrie enthoghten to bee ** moke fyner dreſſe thanne hys. Cauſeynge the ſame to be †† quaintiſſen yn ‡‡ elenge ſelke and §§ broderie, thus came courte dreſſe from a Bryſtoe ymagerie.

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* An Anglo-Saxon earl. † In Briſtol. ‡ Statue. § Earl. || Elegantlie made. ** Much. †† Deviſed or imitated. ‡‡ Foreign. §§ Embroidery.

And

And in another manuſcript, written by Rowley, it is ſaid,

Richardus * abbatte of Seyncte Auguſtynes dyd wear a mantelle of ſcarlette, frenged with † bighes, and plated ſylver after courte faſhyon.

D.

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* In 1149. † Jewels.

ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESIGN OF SCULPTURE.

Embelliſhed with a Sketch for the Statue ordered to be erected to the Memory of the late William Beckford, *Eſq. by the Court of Common Council.*

EXPLANATION.

Mr. Beckford *in his Robes, as Lord Mayor, treading on* Tyranny, *and ſupporting* Britannia, *who, in a recumbent diſtreſſed Poſture, looks up to him as imploring his Aſſiſtance. On an Altar (on which are the Arms of the City of* London) *the Addreſs, ſurmounted with the Cap of* Liberty, *and the City Regalia, the Sword reſting on* Magna Charta, *encircled with Laurel.*

SCULPTURE is an art which, by deſign and ſolid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to aſcertain the epocha of its

its origin; it is loſt in the moſt remote antiquity. The arts of imitation in general, as painting, architecture, ſculpture, &c. where the firſt invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and ſtone. They ſoon made ſtatues of trees which were neither ſubject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypreſs, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at laſt they made uſe of metals, ivory, and the hardeſt ſtones; marble eſpecially became the moſt precious matter, and the moſt eſteemed for works of ſculpture.

The nations amongſt which this fine art was in the greateſt honour were the Ægyptians; thoſe people, ſo celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names, that they erected, in the earlieſt ages, the two Coloſſean ſtatues of Mocrus, and the queen his ſpouſe.

The Ægyptian ſculptors excelled all others in exactneſs of proportion; the different parts of a ſtatue were often formed by divers artiſts; and theſe parts united made the whole perfect.

The Greek hiſtorians boaſt of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love: however, it is certain that the firſt eſſays of ſculpture in Greece were very unpoliſhed; but Dedalus, having travelled into Ægypt, improved himſelf in this art, and formed afterwards pupils who became the admiration of a people whoſe taſte was not yet refined by the elegant ſtatues of Phydias, Myron, Lyſippus, &c.

The Greeks, ſubdued by the Romans, degenerated inſenſibly; and the arts vaniſhed with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome; its tranſient glory was eclipſed by the other arts in the reign of Auguſtus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius; and re-appeared with an enormous magnitude under Nero.

The Gothic ſculpture ſprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unaſſiſted by nature.

The epocha of ſculpture is the ſame in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo work-

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ed in Rome under the pontificate of Leo X. whilſt John Goujon was admitted at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I.

The Engliſh advanced by ſlow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient maſters.

The ſculptors gave the name of ſtatue to a figure in emboſſed work, that ſtands by itſelf in wood, ſtone, marble, or metal, of perſons conſpicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often repreſented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a ſpecies of ſtatues ſmaller than the natural ſize.

Thoſe of perſons who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their ſuperior knowledge, their virtues, or ſome important ſervices to the commonwealth, were erected at the public expence in ſtatues of human ſize.

The third ſpecies of ſtatues was deſigned for kings and emperors: they were taller than men

commonly are ; and thoſe which perſonated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the Coloſſean ſtatues, they repreſented gods ; and often kings and emperors, deſirous to magnify themſelves by theſe ſtupendous works, reared at their own expence monuments of their vanity and folly.

An equeſtrian ſtatue exhibits a man on horſeback, as the ſtatue of Charles I. at Charing-croſs ; the ſtatue of Henry IV. at Paris ; and that of Coſmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

A Greek ſtatue is naked and antique ; thus called, becauſe the Greeks diſplayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athlets of the Olympic games.

The Roman ſtatues are all repreſented with a drapery.

A mauſoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with ſculpture and architecture, with an epitaph ſacred to the memory of ſome conſiderable perſonage. It derives its etymology from the magnificent

magnificent tomb, which Queen Artemiſa cauſed to be erected for Mauſolus, king of Caria, her huſband.

Heroes, patriots, and ſtateſmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their cotemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and ſervices ought to be tranſmitted to the lateſt poſterity. This vanity of ſurviving our duſt by laſting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the moſt noble actions, and inſpired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with thoſe great heroes whoſe ſtatues and inſcriptions they contemplate with a ſort of extacy. The tombs of Weſtminſter-abbey fill the mind with that awful reverence, which a magnificent and grateful nation teſtifies for its benefactors. The portraits of the illuſtrious warriors who have ſubdued our inveterate enemies in both hemiſpheres, expoſed to public view in Vauxhall-gardens, create even in a diſſipated multitude a kind of admiration greatly ſuperior to that inſpired by the enchantment of the place. The ſpirit and magnamanity of the incorruptible Beckford, ſo becoming the firſt magiſtrate of the metropolis of a powerful empire; his noble and animated ſpeech

to the throne, which was the laſt public teſtimony of his unwearied zeal for his country's cauſe, will be echoed with applauſe at the ſight of his ſtatue by the ſucceeding generation, to whom he tried to tranſmit our conſtitution reſtored to its priſtine purity.

ADVEN-

ADVENTURES OF A STAR.

I Shall omit the minute paſſages of my life, which happened whilſt my members were in a ſtate of ſeparation, and begin my hiſtory where I began to ſee the polite world—in the laceman's ſhop. My poſſeſſor was a ſubſtantial man, and of ſome account among the monied men at Jonathan's. He was accounted a wit at his club at the Robinhood, which was not then altogether as patriotic as it is now; no Cato being permitted to mount the table, and harangue himſelf into an aſthma. Here I lived in a ſtate of inactivity for above a month, and heard nothing but the uſual diſcourſe of trade; when one day a couple of pretty ladies hurried into the ſhop, from a coach dignified with a coronet. "Well, Mr. Spangle, we want to take a view of the neweſt patterns you have. Lord, my dear, and is the wretch really jealous?" "Quite mad, 'pon honour. Don't you think this pattern very pretty? Why, he had the impudence to declare, that I

ſhould receive no more viſits from the colonel." "An amazing pretty ſtomacher! pray what is the price? And I hope you anſwered him like a woman of quality and ſpirit." "Certainly my dear." "Fifty guineas, Mr. Spangle! Well, let me have it, and book it to lord G—r, I will never diſgrace my title." "But, my dear Harriot, I have reaſon to fear his jealouſy will veer round to the right object." "Reaſon to fear! my dear, what an expreſſion is that for a woman of quality! You have reaſon to fear nothing but his interrupting your happineſs." "And that I defy him to do. Here, Harry, take the trifles. Yours, Mr. Spangle." And away drove the titular honourables, whom I heard no more of till my exaltation among the quality. The next diſcourſe of any conſequence happened between Mr. Spangle and his ſon. Jack Spangle was as complete a city buck as any who frequent the Park when the ſun ſhines. He ſpoke an angliciſed French very fluently; and murdered an overture upon the violin to admiration. "Jack (ſaid the old gentleman to him one day, when the ungracious ſpendthrift had made application for t'other bank-bill) theſe wild courſes will never do. I hear you have a miſtreſs; I don't begrudge it, Jack; but why will

you

you pay ſo confounded dear for her? I make allowances; you are fleſh and blood as well as myſelf; would you had as much prudence as many years have taught me. I proteſt, when I was a young fellow, I cut as pretty a figure as you with half the expence. I uſed to take a trip into the country, hire a good handſome wench as my ſervant, put her into reputable lodgings, and buy every thing neceſſary for her myſelf; and by theſe means fix her my own at an eaſy rate. Here was the ſurgeon's bill ſaved, and my conſtitution kept whole and ſound for matrimony, if ever fate ſhould throw a wife, with ten thouſand pounds, in my way. I made every lady a compliment, but ſeldom accompanied it with any other preſent than a kiſs. Would you, Jack, purſue the ſame prudent method, you would find the benefit of it; but I am afraid you are reſolved to buy experience dear."

Jack heard this admonition with a ſheepiſhneſs natural enough to the choice ſpirits of the city, when they are under the rod of correction: but the old gentleman producing a bill at the end of his harangue, Jack's countenance brightened up; he received it, and bowing reſpectfully, ſtam-

mered out, "'Tis very true, Sir, as you ſay, Sir."

After lying in the ſhop three months and four days, (I always endeavour to be preciſe in my chronology, as it gives the reader aſſurance, that the hiſtory is really and *bona fide*, true) one of my rays by an accident, began to be a little tarniſhed: this was a terrible misfortune, as in conſequence of it, I was degraded to the glaſs-caſe at the door. I now gave way to the moſt violent emotionsof deſpair, and thought my ſplendor irretrievable; ſaw all my hopes of riſing in the polite world vaniſhed; and expected never to be relieved, till the day of tranſmutation, from my diſgraceful ſituation. But fate had kinder days in ſtore for me. The firſt object that claimed my attention in the ſtreet, was the ſuperb chair of Mrs. Spermacety, the wax-chandler's wife. Her chairmen were loaded with ſilver lace; and the footman who cleared the way, had an enormous bag wig. I expected to have ſeen it filled with the dignity of a ducheſs; but how great was my aſtoniſhment, when I perceived a ſhort, fat woman, of the ſame complexion as the ſign of the Saracen's Head faſtened in it! She was dreſſed meanly rich, without the ſhadow of elegance

gance in any thing but her chair, which had formerly belonged to a lady of quality, having purchaſed it at her deceaſe. Her ſneaking pitiful countenance did not diſcover one grain of generoſity or nobility: ſhe appeared an abſolute burleſque on the grandeur which ſurrounded her. The following dialogue between Mr. Spangle and his good friend and neighbour Mr. Pickle let me into her whole hiſtory. "Good morning to you, neighbour Spangle, as the man ſaid; methinks Mrs. Spermaceti ſhines to-day." "She ſhines every day, at home and abroad, Mr. Pickle: but there may be reaſons for it; and the grey mare is ſometimes the better horſe." This ſtroke, though in my opinion not very brilliant, brought a horſe-laugh on both ſides for about ten minutes. "You are a wit, neighbour, you are a wit; but they ſay, as how, that Mrs. Spermaceti was formerly her huſband's cook-maid; but lies and ſnow-balls gather in rolling; pray is there any truth in the matter?" "Between ourſelves, there is a great deal of truth in it; and the firſt charm that Mr. Spermaceti found in his ſpouſe, was that ſhe dreſſed ortolans to a miracle." Another loud laugh of applauſe echoed to the end of the ſtreet. "And they ſay, Mr. Spangle, as how, that ſhe loſt three thouſand

thouſand pounds one night at the gaming table to lord what-ye-callum——lord Dillitanti; is that true?" "Very true, upon my word; for Tom Shamwell, who now lives by his wit, ſtood behind her chair, to let him into her hand, as they call it." "Well, the Lord help us all, it is a ſad thing to hae a ſpending wife, who conſumes all the money before we gets it."

This edifying diſcourſe was terminated by a hearty ſhake of the hand, and an invitation from both parties to partake of a bottle of wine. I had now remained expoſed to public view for about three weeks, and had caught the eye of every ſtaring countryman, who did honour to my fallen brightneſs, by exclaiming, "Odzounds! what a woundy pretty thingamy!" Fortune at laſt began to ſmile, and my deliverance from diſgrace was effected in the following manner.

Father L'Andridella was at the time of the intended aſſaſſination of the king of Portugal treaſurer to a principal college of the order of Jeſus, in the city of Liſbon. He was the intimate friend and confidant of Malagrida; and aſſiſted him in compoſing thoſe ridiculous whimſies which the In-

quiſition condemned as heretical. He was alſo deep in the important ſecret; and when the conſpiracy began to unravel, was happy enough to eſcape the flames which Malagrida and the other conſpirators periſhed in. The inhumanity with which the innocent families of the only two noble conſpirators were treated, is too ſhocking to be dwelt upon.

Andridella went firſt to Paris, where he was employed by St. Florentin to bear certain preſents to certain miniſters in England, on a pacific account: but he demanding more for his trouble than St. Florentin choſe to give, he was threatened with being confined for life in the Baſtile; which threat would have been actually carried into execution, had he not timely got away to England.

How a certain phyſician came by his intelligence, ſhall be known in due time.

Andridella, for reaſons beſt known to himſelf, ſhifted his habit, and equipped himſelf as a pedlar. Being a man of an extenſive genius, and great knowledge in chemiſtry, he prepared ſeveral tinctures, for taking ſpots out of linen, recovering tarniſhed

tarniſhed gold or ſilver, and other ingenious *minutiæ*. In one of his diurnal rotations, he called on Mr. Spangle, and imparted to him the virtues of his box. I was accordingly taken down to bear witneſs to the excellence of his tincture; and on the touch of his bruſh moiſtened by it ſhone forth with redoubled luſtre, which, by a natural ſympathy glittered alſo in the eyes of Mr. Spangle. Andridella was paid generouſly, and I was once more carefully laid up in the ſhop; but my ſtay there was very ſhort; for Mr. Buckram, the taylor, gave me the preference before twenty of my brethren, and fixed me to a magnificent ſuit of cloaths, which were conveyed to B—n houſe, for the uſe of a young d—, juſt ſtepped into his eſtate and title.

The duke of D——e was the nobleman upon whoſe breaſt I commanded reſpect. Paracelſus, and that ingenious aſtrologic phyſician, Culpeper, aſſert, that gold and ſilver have a magic virtue. The magic of this virtue, commercially conſidered, is intereſt; phyſically, it is chimerical; and metaphiſically, it is a fine ſubtle genius or ſpirit, as capable of reaſoning upon matter, as any deiſt ſince Bolingbroke. By the magic of my compoſition,

ſition, I was enabled to look internally into the boſoms which I adorned externally, and had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with my ſituation, as his grace's heart was no diſhonour to his ſtar. He was young, and had his foibles; the principal of which was a ſtrong paſſion for gaming. Reaſon in vain endeavoured to convince him of his error; had he been convinced, his reſolution would have been too feeble to bear him through in a reformation. The firſt time I adorned him, I viſited the court; after the levee was over, he was accoſted by Lord Rattle, "Ah, D——e, how the devil d'ye do to-day? I was horridly dipp'd laſt night; thirteen bottles of champaigne, demme. Lord Shuffle was bit this morning of three thouſand; and has ſent to his ſteward to cut down a whole foreſt to have a better ſtock to proceed upon. Pray, have you ſeen C—d's Letters?" "O horrid! don't mention the ſtuff; I ſicken at the idea. Lady Bab Blouzy has had the vapours theſe five days by peruſing as many lines. Nauſeous, 'pon 'onour: I always write my billets in French; a certain preſervative againſt vulgar criticiſm!" "Gadſo, you're right, my lord: but as I always thought writing pedantic and beneath a nobleman, my valet always writes my amorous epiſtles: and

and a fine fellow he is too! Trims a ſentiment like a bag-wig, and twiſts a meaning like a curl." I admired his lordſhips prudence, in making his valet a ſecretary, as it was more than probable he was better qualified for the office than his honourable maſter.

In the evening, I accompanied the duke to the gaming-table; my luſtre ſickened, and my whole frame trembled, at beholding the knot of raſcals and villains, who ſurrounded him. Some he honoured with a nod; and others he condeſcended to enter into a converſation with: and then with an air of careleſs indifference, ſat down to play, and before he roſe, loſt above eight thouſand pounds. This loſs but very little affected him, and he went home with the ſame compoſure of mind he brought out with him. The ſharpers who ſhared the booty, were Sir Richard——, lord M——, Jack Hounſlow, and father Andredilla, whoſe ingenuity had raiſed me to my preſent exalted ſtation. Sir Richard had a legal claim to his title, but no man could diſgrace it with more villanies or meanneſſes. His humble ſoul ſtooped to every thing when intereſt was in the way, and his tender conſcience never gave him any trouble about the matter.

ter. Though lord M——, and this conſcientious knight of the poſt, were continually quarrelling every were elſe, they always agreed at the gaming-table, in a very capital point, viz. to bubble his grace. His grace was ſo eaſy, ſo ſuperficially learned in the art of gambling, and his antagoniſts ſo cunning and deep in the myſtery, that B——n-houſe was more than once on the verge of being ſold, to pay theſe inpoſtors what the world calls debts of honour. Lord M——, who though young, yet enervated with pleaſure, had ſtill a hankering deſire to be ſacrificing on the altar of the Cytherean goddeſs; and, by the infallibility of a bank-bill, had gained admittance into the chamber of Miſs R——rs, the baronet's miſtreſs. His lordſhip was making his addreſſes, when Sir Richard made his appearance: as the baronet was a man of prudence, and knew how to make uſe of an opportunity, he propoſed to his lordſhip, that if he ſhould be permitted to partake of the profits ariſing from his grace, and an eminent Eaſt-India bubble, his lordſhip ſhould partake in common with the baronet in the charms of Miſs R——rs. Lord M—— ſtretched his gallantry to the utmoſt, and complied: and it was upon this conſideration that the baronet had admittance to

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the gaming table. Jack Hounſlow was his lordſhip's underſtrapper; he had been an upholſterer, but having ſquandered his ſtock, and nothing being left but a pair of piſtols, he employed them to the moſt profitable advantage, by levying contributions on the highway. The frequent executions of his fellow labourers ſtriking a damp upon his ſpirits, and having now pretty well recruited his pockets, he gave up his hazardous employment and commenced ſharper. Lord M—— ſoon diſcovered his inventive genius and uſeful parts, and engaged him in his ſervice.

Sir Kenelm Digby, who ſo religiouſly maintained the doctrine of ſympathy, would have attributed his lordſhip's diſcovery to ſimilar feelings in his own breaſt. But as many tedious and learned arguments may be brought to maintain it, and to ſay but little in a caſe of importance, is worſe than nothing at all, and for other good cauſes and conſiderations, I ſhall leave it entirely to the reader.

Father Andredilla having acquired a conſiderable ſum by his tinctures, put himſelf into a magnificent dreſs, hired three ſervants, and aſſuming the title of marquis de Villa Garcia, completed the

party who were continually preying upon the inexperience of the duke. One morning, lord Rattle came thundering in upon his grace, "O, D——e, I ſhall die with riſibility. Never was ſuch a comical figure, demme; no maſquerade face can be half ſo laughable. There's C——d gone to his trial, with a countenance as dejected as lord B——e's when at Kingſton; and lady Harriet G——r, with a face as bronzed and as impudent as a naiad of Covent-Garden." "Pretty work, Rattle, and what d'ye think will be the iſſue?" "Between you and I, I have a very important ſecret, and could I confide in your retentive faculties, by the Lord, I have no friend upon earth I would rather reveal it to." "You may depend upon my honour, Jack; did I ever betray your ineſtimable ſecrets?" "Why then, D——e, it is abſolutely determined, that when a divorce is obtained, C——d ſhall poſitively marry lady Harriet: I may confide in your honour now, I hope?" "Undoubtedly," replied his grace, ſmothering a laugh, "your ſecrets are of too much importance to be trifled with." Lord Rattle's whiſpers had generally as much truth, as thoſe of a coffee-houſe politician, who is happy in the acquaintance of a paragraph-maker.

I had lived with his grace long enough to ſee him bubbled out of thirty thouſand pounds, and was then conſigned, as a cuſtomary fee, to his valet, who immediately carried me to Monmouth-ſtreet, to take my chance with an army of decayed gentry; ſome of whom I had been acquainted with in their days of proſperity. As I had lived my uſual time among the great, I ſubmitted to my fate without murmuring. A black velvet coat and waiſtcoat, my near neighbours, were taken down to give phyſical dignity to a young fellow who had newly commenced quack-doctor; and found out a noſtrum to cure diſtempers which never exiſted. This ſuit had once adorned a genius of the ſame profeſſion, whoſe extraordinary operations in Moor-fields, had made him the envy of all Hatton-Garden. Doctor Bialini, the original wearer, was quite an Eſculapius in his way; he was unacquainted with every principle in ſurgery: but having as much courage and impudence, as ignorance, he boldly undertook the moſt difficult operations. When he happened to divide an artery in the cure of a ſcratch, it was all very well; and he had diſcovered by experience, that diverting the diſtemper to the nobler parts, was an infalliable cure, for inconſiderable ailments. He couched for the cataract,

cataract, and where he cured one by chance, he made twenty totally blind, beyond all poſſibility of recovery. But ſucceſs did not always attend his adventure; a young lady of great family applying to him to be eaſed of a troubleſome pain in the head, he gave her ſuch a doſe of his cathartic pills, that ſhe expired under their operation. The friends of the deceaſed accuſed the doctor of murder, and left it to his choice either to take a doſe of his own cathartics, or leave England to return no more. As he knew the merit of his medicaments too well to chuſe the firſt, he returned to Italy, to exerciſe his honeſter occupation of a taylor. His ſolemn habiliments were now diſpoſed of to his ſucceſſor in fame, Mr. Perron, who had been educated a cobler, and on the merit of being twice ſalivated, advertiſed to cure a certain diſtemper in all its extenſive branches. The regular ſurgeons have had no reaſon to complain of his ſucceſs; as he has greatly increaſed the buſineſs of the faculty, by confirming the diſeaſe, and ruining the conſtitution in every patient he undertook to cure. The warehouſe I was laid up in was greatly frequented by ſecond-hand gentry, among whom I heard many entertaining diſcourſes, but too foreign from my purpoſe to be related here.

A ſervant enquiring for a rich ſuit with a ſtar, I was accordingly taken down, approved of, and carried off. I wondered what uſe I was going to be put to, when a meagre tall old man made his appearance. "Well done, my bra' bonny laddie, this is ſaving the ſiller, and laying up more for the bairn." Theſe words were uttered by the identical duke of A——, who putting on his prudent finery, ſtepped into a coach, as antiquated as hoſpitality, and rattled off to court. The reception he met with from his M——, would have ſhamed virtue out of countenance: when we ſee villany and avarice careſſed, what ſhall we ſay, but that k—s are men. His only merit was in being born a Scot, and diſtantly related to lord B—. I had examined his breaſt, and found him nothing but a compoſition of pride, fraud and avarice. As he was deep in all his favoured countryman's ſecrets, the affair of the peace was not unknown to him, and he had no inconſiderable ſhare of the booty. Not contented with his ſhare, he revealed the tranſaction to a certain weſtern phyſician, binding him by oath, not to diſcover from whom he had his intelligence; and articling to receive a moiety of whatever ſhould be given the doctor to

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ſtop his mouth, or ſay nothing at all to the purpoſe. The whole juggle was tranſacted entirely to the duke's ſatisfaction: and he partook ſo glorioufly of the huſh-money, that for a moment emerging from his uſual avarice, he gave his ſervants new liveries, and matched one of his horſes, having before paired a bay and a black one. The nobility did not receive him ſo well as his M—— ; as he was univerſally looked upon as a ſcandal to his title, he was ſhunned by every polite company. Unfortunately, the too retentive memory of a gentleman, diſcovered his grace's cloaths to have been worn by a more honourable nobleman ; and having whiſpered his diſcovery to lady Henrietta F—h, as a very great ſecret; it was known all over the town before the evening, that the duke of A—— had been to court in the duke of D——'s caſt-off cloaths. Nothing can expreſs the vexation of the old duke; his pride, which had ſtooped to his avarice, in the purchaſe of his prudent bargain, began, though too late, to have the pre-eminence ; he ordered his ſervant to bear me back to Monmouth-ſtreet, and deſire the frippery-man to refund the money, which he did, after deducting a guinea for the uſe of his magni-

ficence. I was now taken off the coat, and condemned to the melting-pot; but whilſt the executioner is preparing my fiery grave, I have time to ſubſcribe myſelf,

The public's humble ſervant,

A STAR.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS there are few monthly productions ſo univerſally read as your agreeable Miſcellany, I have taken the liberty to beg the inſertion of the following ſhort account of my life, in which I ſhall be as brief as poſſible; and which, if you think proper to countenance, may be a means to warn others of my ſex from falling into the ſame unhappy ſnares, which I now fatally experience have been my ruin.

My parents were people of ſome repute, for my father enjoyed a place under the government of upwards of two hundred pounds a year, beſides a ſmall eſtate in the country, which brought him in about a hundred and fifty pounds a year more. As I was their only daughter, they naturally took the beſt care of my learning that their income would permit, and I was ſent early to a boarding ſchool, where I received the rudiments of a polite

education, and made as great progreſs in French, muſic, &c. as could reaſonably be expected.

I was in my thirteenth year when my father died of a fever, and as he had been no great œconomiſt, and the eſtate which he enjoyed was to leave our family at his death, my poor mother and I were left without the leaſt reſource. Grief for the loſs of a tender and affectionate huſband, ſoon put an end to my mother's diſtreſs; and I was now the only one left to ſuffer for the faults of my poor father's imprudence. It happened I had a near relation who was married to a gentleman of fortune, who pitying my ſituation, took me home with her to be a companion. By the chearfulneſs of my diſpoſition, and my univerſal aſſiduities to pleaſe, I ingratiated myſelf ſo much in the favour of my couſin and Mr. M——, and received for it ſuch convincing proofs of their friendſhip and deſire to make me happy, that I ſoon forgot the loſs I had ſo lately ſuſtained. Mr. and Mrs. M—— were extremely good-natured and affable, and I enjoyed every felicity I could wiſh for in my dependent ſtate. Unluckily for me, Mrs. M—— was threatened with a conſumption, juſt as I had attained my fifteenth year, which daily increaſing,

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in about ſix months, terminated a life, the loſs of which I have now the utmoſt reaſon to lament; but not before ſhe had recommended me to the care of Mr. M—— in ſuch terms that none but a wretch abandoned to all manner of villainy could have ever forgot.

I felt every emotion of grief which a heart truly ſuſceptible of gratitude could experience at ſuch a ſhock; but my concern was ſoon alleviated by the aſſurances I received from my ſurviving benefactor of a continuance of that protection and eſteem I had hitherto met with. By his generoſity I was rendered ſole miſtreſs of his houſe, and had every indulgence granted which I could expect. As he had no children, he took me frequently with him, for an airing in the chariot, and though I obſerved his fondneſs for me, daily increaſe, I did not ſuffer the leaſt ſuſpicion to enter my breaſt. Being of an age in which young women are initiated in company, and as I was to move in a more genteel ſphere, than formerly, I was no longer to be ſupported in my preſent character, but at a conſiderable expence, ſo that he ſpared no coſt to make me appear ſuitable to that rank in which he placed me.

By this ſtratagem, which I did not at firſt underſtand, he filled me with additional tenderneſs and gratitude; compelled me to repoſe on him as my only ſupport; and by my ſenſe of his favour, and the deſire of retaining it, diſpoſed me to unlimited complaiſances. At laſt the wretch took advantage of the familiarity which he enjoyed as my relation, and the ſubmiſſion which he exacted as my benefactor, to attempt the ruin of an orphan, whom his indulgence had melted, and his authority had ſubdued. Shocked at the baſeneſs of his deſigns, I ſummoned all the courage which a weak woman could employ, and reſented his behaviour with a becoming indignation. But inſtead of recoiling at the deed, he upbraided me with ingratitude, and mingled his artifices with menaces of total deſertion, if I ſhould continue to reſiſt.

I was now completely depreſſed, and though I had ſeen mankind enough to know the neceſſity of outward chearfulneſs, I often withdrew to my chamber to vent my grief, and examine by what means I might eſcape perpetual mortification. The loſs of my indulgent parents and kind couſin were

now ſeverely felt; and I only reflected that had I been taught a more uſeful kind of learningthan a boarding-ſchool produces, I might ſtill live ſecure under the conſciouſneſs of an unblemiſhed reputation. Unaccuſtomed and unexperienced to earn my bread in a menial capacity, I had no hopes left but ſuch as might proceed from his future honour and genoroſity. I ſoon found myſelf cruelly deceived; no art or cunning was left untried to accompliſh his purpoſe; the moſt ſubtle proteſtations of protection and maintenance were made uſe of, and a ſolemn promiſe of marriage to ſilence all my fears.

Oh! Woman, woman, thy name is frailty!

Young and credulous, I ſwallowed the glittering bait, and fell an eaſy victim to the unruly paſſion of an ungrateful wretch.

But, alas! When he found the conſequences attendant on our crime, which I tremble to relate, he not only refuſed to fulfil his promiſe of marriage; but alſo abandoned me to all the pangs of recollection, and the frowns of a mercileſs world.

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Yet villain as he was, he did not turn me out of doors, till he had given me money to ſupport me in thoſe moments of perturbation, which his paſſion had forced me to ſuffer; and an untimely birth at length relieved me from the anxieties of a mother, though it left me under the ſevere preſſures of infamy, and the painful proſpect of approaching poverty.

Friends and acquaintances have now forſaken me, and I am reduced to the lot of thoſe unhappy beings, from whom many, who melt at the ſight of all other miſery, think it meritorious to withhold relief; whom the rigour of virtuous indignation dooms to ſuffer without complaint, and periſh without regard; and whom I myſelf have formerly inſulted in the pride of reputation, and ſecurity of innocence.

Let others, who read my ſtory, be warned by my example; and however ſpecious the pretence, avoid the conſequences. Let them conſider that however ſecure they may think themſelves, they will have need of all their fortitude when put to the teſt. Whatever they may think of me, let

let them judge as favourably as poſſible, and as it is out of their power to aſſiſt, let them at leaſt pity a wretch deſtined to ſuffer for the faults of an ungrateful monſter.

I am, Sir,

June 13, 1770. Your humble ſervant.

MARIA FRIENDLESS.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country Magazine.

SIR,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your Magazine, to lay before the public, ſcenes of diſtreſs of no common kind. Though it can afford me no pleaſure to recite the many ſufferings of a wretched victim to misfortune; yet, by my errors, others may be convinced that the way of virtue only, is the way to felicity. Born to an elevated rank in life, I was inſtructed rather to value myſelf on the blind acquiſitions of fortune, and the tinſel of external accompliſhments, than on the more ſolid and commendable qualifications of the mind. My years of infancy were marked by an infant pride; and the mercenary diſpoſition of menial ſervants did not fail to make the evil increaſe with my growth.

When I juſt entered my ſixteenth year, I was initated into all the œconomy of high life. Should the ruſtic or mercantile reader find fault with the expreſſion *œconomy*, when applicable to high life, his

his ignorance is ſeen in the cenſure. Dames of ſpirit have their mean ſavings; and a titled lady is as anxiouſly avaricious in her way, as any plodding citizen whoſe buſineſs and pleaſure unite in gain. Moſt of the eſtates of our nobility are heavily mortgaged, or lie uſeleſs to the owner, till the rent clears the incumbrances; this is all that can be urged in defence of a lady of quality's ſharping upon her ſervant, and ſtripping her fille de chambre of all her ready caſh, to anſwer ſome urgent demand upon her honour; which ſhe proteſts, by that ſacred honour, ſhall be returned with intereſt in a few days. But, alas! Among quality, things equally as ſacred as honour are abuſed and trifled with. If there is any real ſpirit in high life, any generous indifference as to the affairs of this world, which ſhould conſtitute the ſole merit of *nobleſſe*, it is oftener found in a citizen's wife. However the court may exclaim againſt the city, there is leſs mercenary meanneſs in the dames of Ludgate-Hill, than in a whole maſquerade of right honourable diſhonourables

But to return to my own ſtory. Happy in the notion of the world, by being born to a title and a large fortune, it is not to be doubted that the coxcomb

coxcombs of the court were buſy to ingratiate themſelves in my favour, by genteely letting me know, they thought themſelves very pretty fellows; ſome indeed went ſo far, as to aſſure me by the *lard*, and all that, that I was conſumedly handſome, ſtill keeping a diſtant view to the dear ſubject, ſelf; and never lending a compliment, unleſs it might be returned to the maker. Theſe ſhadows of men were my continual torment, being my ſettled, perhaps, prejudiced averſion.

Another claſs of lovers deſerved rather myfriendſhip, or my pity, than my love, theſe were men of ſenſe, who, by the malice of their fortune, (or their ſtars, if you are an aſtrologer) had never riſen in life to what their ambitious ideas aſpired to.

As the cuſtoms of the world are, by the courteſy of it, allowed to be juſt, theſe men imagined every girl of conſpicuous accompliſhments, whoſe unexperienced heart they could deceive into love, their lawful prize. Dangerous is that lover who has more ſenſe than virtue: his ſenſe, when perverted, is the greateſt evil he can poſſeſs. Fools are mere cyphers, they are like the air; when the arrow flies, no traces remain to tell its way; they

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are like the ſea, where every ſingle impreſſion is loſt in multitudes of impreſſions. Though I eaſily defended myſelf againſt the egotiſms and addreſſes of the coxcomb, I found it no eaſy taſk to ward off the aſſaults of the man of ſenſe; his batteries are levelled at the heart, and where he has mutual youth to plead in his favour, ſeldom fails of carrying the day. In the early bloom of life, we are not ourſelves; and I confeſs, had not pride been a more certain guard than virtue, my fortune would have fallen into the hands of the creditors of an unfortunate, but amorous author. However, this was an error of youth; and the paſſion fled with my experience and the abſence of the bard. But, my God! Why did it fly! To make room for one which ſhould torment me for years. Better had it been for me to live poor by the villany of another, than to be rich, great, and miſerable by my own villany. But juſt heavens! I deſerve it all.

I was in my nineteenth year, when the perſonal accompliſhments of a young gentleman, of inferior rank and fortune to mine, a Mr. Knowles, firſt engaged my notice. I cannot ſay, I conceived a paſſion inſtantaneouſly for him; I was never ſo

romantic. I admired his manly figure, his eaſy air, and affable behaviour. In ſhort, I wiſhed to know him, which was going as far as a woman of prudence, could go upon firſt ſight. I was then univerſally allowed to be a beauty; and was unhappy enough to engage his attention. If his perſon pleaſed, his converſation charmed me; I was now madly in love. A ſolid judgment, without the leaſt cynical caſt; a florid, eaſy manner of ſpeech, without the leaſt affectation; and a fluent tongue, without any impertinence, all inſpired to make me ſo. From the minute of our converſation, we began an acquaintance, an ill-fated one for me. Mr. Knowles had never ſpoke of his paſſion, though his fine eyes expreſſed unutterable things: we were often together, and I did not think it an unhappy circumſtance that no declaration had been made; for that chilling coldneſs, which, by the cuſtom of the world, neceſſarily ſucceeds a declaration, till the matrimonial act is determined, muſt, to mutual lovers, be a ceremonious torment. In the enſuing ſpring, Mr. Knowles being in the country, as I was one morning playing on my harpſichord, my father came haſtily into the room. "My dear girl," ſaid he, throwing his arm round my waiſt,

"I am

"I am overjoyed; partake of my tranſports, and eaſe one part of them."

I replied, "Whatever gives my father joy, muſt conſequently be welcome to me."

"It is in your power," anſwered he, "in your power alone, to inſure this happineſs to me. The earl of ——— has ſeen you; he likes, he loves you: he has this day offered propoſals to me, and will ſettle more than your own fortune on you."

I was thunder-ſtruck at this intelligence; I could hear no more: I fainted. My father was frighted; he called for help, and ſoon recovered me. Seeing me revive, he changed his tender ſolicitude to rage; called me an ungrateful, vile, diſobedient wretch, in having engaged my affections to another, which he was ſure was the caſe, without his conſent; told me, I ſhould marry his lordſhip in three days time, or turn out of his doors with nothing but what I could demand. Saying this, he flung out of the room, and left me to conſult with Janet, my waiting woman, who was privy to my prepoſſeſſion in favour of Mr.

Knowles. "Oh, Janet!" I exclaimed, "was ever poor creature ſo ſuddenly plunged into the depth of miſery!" "Why, to be ſure, madam," returned ſhe, "the matter is a little ſudden; but as to miſery, I have heard your honourable father ſay, that happineſs and miſery were both in our own hands. Suppoſe, madam, this affair had not happened, would you ever have had Mr. Knowles?" "No!" replied I warmly, "No! I would never have ſtooped below my birth." "Why then, dear madam, if he is out of the queſtion, who could you have better than an earl? It is true, he is old, but then you will have a man of quality, and have all your own fortune ſettled on you. For my part, I can ſee no reaſon to heſitate." Weak as theſe reaſons may appear, it was ſuch cogency of argument that urged me to conſent to be counteſs of ———. Doubting the ſtability of the reſolution, I haſtened to put it into execution; and in one fatal minute did what ages of repentance could not undo. My lord was affable and kind; my father tranſported out of himſelf; and I was neither miſerable nor happy, in a kind of negative exiſtence, which, for want of a better name, we call the vapours, a latitudinary word, which, meaning every thing, means nothing.

Mr.

Mr. Knowles heard of our marriage: he flew on the wings of love. As I was ſitting alone in my parlour, amuſing myſelf with fruitleſs repentance, he burſt in upon me, and giving me an inexpreſſible look, exclaimed, "Oh, my Fanny!" That ſhort ſentence, did more, than the bittereſt reproach could have done: it threw me into agonies not to be deſcribed. At laſt I gathered ſtrength enough to ſpeak. "Sir, ſince the laws of the world have have bound me to another, to whom my kind regards are due, they cannot now be yours." This I murmured in articulations ſcarce to be underſtood: I knew not what I ſaid. He ſtarted from his chair, and eagerly ſeizing my hand, exclaimed, "And was there ever a poſſibility they could be mine!" This reply embarraſſed me greatly; I was all confuſion and hurry, when my lord entered.

Nothing can paint the diſtraction of his features; lunacy itſelf could not be more enraged; he fiercely commanded Mr. Knowles to walk out of the houſe, without permitting him to ſpeak, and returned to me with the countenance of a fury. "Madam," ſaid he, "could you carry on your vile intrigues no where but in my houſe! But I

will take care for the future, you ſhall have no intrigues elſewhere." Saying this, he left me, and never afterwards ſuffered me to ſtir out, but with an old woman, who ſerved me in the office of a duenna.

Vexed at this barbarous treatment, I reſented it like a woman of quality and ſpirit. I inſiſted on the diſmiſſion of my ſpy, and being left to my own liberty. This his lordſhip flatly refuſed. Madening with rage, I made an immediate aſſignation with Mr. Knowles, exerted my authority, ſent back my guard, and flew in my own coach to the place of appointment.

When a woman has taken one falſe ſtep, 'tis too late to think of receding; ſhe is neceſſitated to go on. Jealouſy is certainly the effect of love; yet it is a very troubleſome effect, and only tends to make the poſſeſſor hated by the object he loves.

My huſband's behaviour grew intolerable, and I was determined to leave him. This I did ſoon after with Mr. Knowles, and we retired to a neighbouring kingdom. Happy in not being diſturbed, we thought his lordſhip ſat eaſy under his loſs;

loſs; when the firſt intelligence we had of him brought his will. Diſtracted at the fatal conſequence of my reſentment, I flew to the houſe once his, now mine, his generoſity having left me all, laying the blame on the diſparity of our ages, my prepoſſeſſion, and his jealouſy. Here had I the unhappineſs to find my father dying, ſtabbed to the heart with the news of my flight. O, my God! what an everlaſting hell of reflection muſt attend the guilty.

FRANCES.

MEMOIRS

OF A

SAD-DOG.

To the Editor of the Town *and* Country Magazine.

SIR,

THE man who ſits down to write his own hiſtory, has no very agreeable taſk to execute. The chevalier Taylor is the only egotiſt ſince Julius Cæſar, who has made tolerable work in drawing the picture of himſelf. Julius had but two colours to paint with, truth and claſſic elegance: here the chevalier had the advantage, for he was too great to be confined within the bounds of the firſt qualification, and has daubed with a thouſand materials. The ſentimental John Buncle ſhould not be forgotten; the man who admires the mountains of the north in his deſcription, will loſe all his admiration in the real proſpect.

But

But to proceed to my own affairs. I am, Mr. Editor, a Sad Dog, a very Sad Dog; have run through many ſad adventures, had many ſad eſcapes from the clutches of baliffs, and at the time of writing this ſad relation, am throned in a broken chair within an inch of a thunder-cloud.

I ſet out in life with a fortune of five thouſand pounds, which the old prig, my father, left me, with this memorable piece of advice: "Item, I leave to my youngeſt ſon Henry, five thouſand pounds, with an old book, formerly his grandmother Bridget's, called, The Way to ſave Wealth, containing a thouſand choice receipts in cookery, &c. and I adviſe that he read two pages of the ſaid book every day before he dines." Very pretty advice! but I had not veneration enough for the parental character to follow it.

When the legacy was paid me, I bid my brother adieu, drank three bottles of claret with Sir Stentor Ranger, who had married my ſiſter, and drove furiouſly to the metropolis in my own phaeton and four. Honour was the only book which I ever honoured with a peruſal; and being pretty well dipped in the theory of gambling, I ventured to engage

engage with ſome knights of the poſt, which were a little better verſed in the practical part, and at one ſitting loſt one fifth of my fortune. This was a terrible ſtroke to me, and I began, for the firſt time in my life, to reflect; but a bottle of champaigne, and a night at the hotel, drove every troubleſome idea out of my head.

Miſs Fanny H——t, who by a natural tranſition is tranſmigrated from a whore into a bagnio-keeper, was then in the bloom of her charms; ſhe was never a firſt-rate beauty, but always a very favourite toaſt among the bucks and pretty fellows of the city.

I was one evening ſtrolling the Park, when Miſs Fanny had experience enough to perceive that ſhe had nailed my attention. As I was neither acquainted with her character, or ſituation, I was not a little elated with the condeſcending glances ſhe honoured me with. Preſuming on my conqueſt, I made her a few compliments, 'ſquired her out of the Park, and thought myſelf bleſt in being permitted to accompany her to her lodgings. I had not enjoyed my tête-à-tête five minutes, before I was aſtoniſhed at hearing the well-known thunder

thunder of the voice of Jack N——tt. "'Sblood and 'oons, you old harridan, ſhe is mine for a month; and I would rather loſe fifty per cent. than lend her for a ſingle night to the deareſt friend upon earth." To this vociferous exclamation the venerable matron replied: "Won't Miſs Kitty do for once, or Polly, or Miſs Nancy?" "I'll have no Miſs, but Fanny, by G—," replied Jack, burſting into the parlour upon us. I was now ſufficiently in the ſecret, and not diſpleaſed at finding my charmer no veſtal. Jack, who had paid fifty pounds for his month, inſiſted on his right of purchaſe; but Miſs Fanny thinking me a better pay-maſter, heroically turned him out of the parlour; telling him, for his comfort, that he ſhould have his month another time. Miſs Fanny pleaſed me ſo well, that before I was weary of her I had ſunk another thouſand; when, in a fit of reflexion, I bid her adieu, and left her to Jack, and the reſt of her monthly keepers.

To make a little digreſſion, I think this method of hiring for a month preferable to the wholeſale bargains for life, and of mutual advantage to the keeper and kept, if that form will ſtand good in law, for a man will find it all rapture and love, without

without diſguſt; and in a few months play the the ſame part over again, with no decay of vigour.

Jack N——tt is now a principal merchant, and rolls about in his coach and four to every public dinner; where his appetite and ſolidity of judgment, in the edible way, does honour to the city. It is notorious that he is a cuckold, and by more than one method free of his company; but that is no detriment to him in the ſcale of mercantile merit. The extraordinary buſtle he has made in a late political affair, is very little to his advantage; but it muſt be obſerved in his defence, that the earl of H—lſb—h did him the greateſt act of friendſhip mortal man could do him, viz. invited him to a turtle-feaſt, and revealed to him a ſecret in the culinary art, till then utterly unknown to all the world but his lordſhip and his cook. Some indeed pretended to ſay, that this ſecret is nothing more than giving veniſon an additional flavour, by baſting it with a preparation of French cheeſe and rancid butter; but as I would not preſume to give my opinion in a matter of ſuch importance, I ſhall leave Jack to the pleaſure of the table, and proceed in my relation.

On

On this conſiderable decay of my fortune, I began to conſider ſeriouſly of my departed father's curious advice; and in conſequence of this conſideration, reſolved to ſet up for a fortune-hunter, and retrieve my affairs in the ſober track of matrimony. A Miſs L—n was the girl I had fixed upon, and accordingly dreſſed at. She raiſed my hopes, and gratified my vanity by ſeveral ſignificant glances; and I was ſo certain of carrying her off in the end, that I chearfully launched out five hundred pounds in dreſs and equipage; which had ſuch an amazing effect, that in three weeks time I had three kiſſes of her hand, and in the fourth week ſhe took a trip to Scotland with her father's footman. This unexpected ſtroke created in me an abſolute averſion to matrimony, and a reſolution not to endeavour to better myſelf by the hymenial knot.

Soon after this affair I made an acquaintance with the wife of an alderman: I ſhall conceal his name, as his patriotic behaviour has rendered him reſpectable in the city. Mrs. ——— was of an amorous complexion: her huſband had too much of the citizen to be like her: turtle, veniſon, and popularity, were the only objects of his attention,

out of the compting-houſe. Though he has never repeated three periods with propriety, except when aſſiſted by the ingenious device of placing the ready-made ſpeech in the crown of his hat; yet his mercantile genius has often ſtruck upon very lucky hits. He is unrivalled in reckoning the amount of rate per cent. and no ſtock-broker at Jonathan's can whiſper a piece of ſecret intelligence with half his dexterity. Between you and I and the poſt, Mr. Editor, the ſtopping the circulation of bad halfpence, inconſiderable as the coin may appear to ſome, has brought him in no leſs than ſeven thouſand pounds, and increaſed the trade of him and his partners amazingly.

Mrs. —— had penetration enough to find out my good qualities; and you will ſuppoſe, that I was not wanting in acknowledging her partiality. We had frequent interviews at the houſe of a capital miliner in the Strand, and the amour for ſome time went ſwimmingly on.

Mrs. —— was under no apprehenſions of my being ſatiated with enjoyment? for generouſly conſidering I was but a younger brother, I never ſacrificed on the altar of the Cyprean goddeſs,

without receiving a bank-bill worth my acceptance. But, alas! happineſs is of ſhort duration; or, to ſpeak in the language of the high-ſounding Offian, "Behold! thou art happy; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be miſerable. Thou art as eaſy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but ſoon, ah! ſoon, wilt thou be tumbled and toſſed by misfortunes, like the ſtream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the cathederal of Canterbury; but ſoon wilt thou be deformed like Chineſe palace-paling. So the ſun riſing in the eaſt gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rocks dance, and all nature joins in the ſong. But ſee! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noiſy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour, and the dropping ſwain flies over the mountain: ſwift as Bickerſtaff, the ſon of ſong, when the monſter Bumbailiano, keeper of the dark and black cave, purſued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men." O, Offian! immortal genius! what an invocation

vocation could I make now! but I ſhall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff, and ſpin out the thread of my own adventures.

Mrs. —— having diſpatched a billet to me, I flew to her in her own houſe. The knight, as ſhe thought, was fixed to the table of Sir Tunbelly Grains, knight, citizen, and alderman, who had invited him to dinner on a delicious turtle: a bleſſing not to be neglected. But, Oh! grief of griefs! the knight having forgot his favourite tobacco-box, popped in upon us unexpectedly, and found us too familiarly engaged. Inſtead of burſting into the rage which might have animated an Italian or Spaniard on the occaſion, he ſhook his head, and pronouncing coolly, "Very fine, all very fine!" he left us, and returned to Sir Tunbelly to finiſh the turtle. As by his haſty throwing open the door he had expoſed us to the view of two of his ſervants, I was terribly afraid of a proſecution for *crim. con.* for though it was as faſhionable then as it is now, I was not very eager to loſe the remainder of my fortune faſhionably. But the knight conſidering his reputation would receive a ſevere ſtroke, ſhould the affair be made public, contented himſelf with demanding

manding two thouſand pounds for the injury I had done him. As he threatened to proſecute for larger damages, unleſs I complied, I was obliged to refund more than Mrs. ——'s bounty had beſtowed upon me.

The old curmudgeon had heartily provoked me, and I reſolved, though at the expence of every ſhilling I had, to be revenged on him. For this purpoſe I publiſhed the whole affair, and the devil aſſiſting my invention, I ſtruck upon another expedient to gratify my vengeance.

The knight's eldeſt daughter, Sabina, whom he had by a former wife, was a fine ſprightly girl, and wanted nothing but the *bon ton* to render her perfectly accompliſhed; about eighteen, a remarkable fine complexion, and expreſſive blue eyes. She was at the time of the unlucky diſcovery with a relation in Eſſex: as I had formerly paid a few compliments to her beauty, which I had reaſon to ſay, without vanity, were not ill received, I inſtantly diſpatched an epiſtle to her, the moſt tender my imagination could dictate. It wrought the effect I deſigned, and ſhe returned an anſwer. After a long farce of lying and intriguing on my

part, and credulity on hers, I accompliſhed the grand end—you will gueſs what I mean.

We lived in love and rapture about a month, when her father bid her prepare to marry Mr. Luteſtring, the mercer, by the next week. She flew to the uſual place of aſſignation, bathed in tears, with a face expreſſive of the moſt violent grief.

I was now almoſt perſuaded to love her in earneſt; but I was a Sad Dog to ſuffer revenge (and when I ſeriouſly reflect, a revenge which had no foundation in reaſon) to get the better of every nobler paſſion.

"O! my dear Harry," exclaimed the beautiful unfortunate, "let us fly immediately to Scotland, otherwiſe my father, inhuman man! will oblige me to marry Bob Luteſtring next week."

"Bob Luteſtring, my dear," replied I indifferently, "is a ſubſtantial man, and I would not have you diſoblige your father on my account."

"And

"And is this your advice!" returned the heroine, aſſuming a dignified air: "be aſſured, Sir, I ſhall follow it." Saying this, ſhe flung from me; her ideas, I ſuppoſe, a little different from thoſe ſhe brought with her.

But I had not yet accompliſhed my revenge. Steeled in impudence as I am, I bluſh to write the reſt; but it ſhall be out. I informed Mr. Luteſtring of my intimacy with his future ſpouſe, and adviſed him not to unite himſelf to a woman of ſuch principles. I made certain of receiving a challenge, and a ſtring of curſes for my information; but, alas! I knew not the city. "Sir," replied the mercer, "I thank you for your intelligence, this day received: but your advice is not worth a yard of tape; you ſay Sabina has been faulty; allow it: but will her father give me any thing the leſs for her fortune on that account? on the contrary, were not my notions of honour very refined, I might make it a means of raiſing my price." I ſlunk away, aſtoniſhed at this reply, reflecting how various are the ſpecies and refinements of honour.

I was now juſt on the brink of poverty: I had made a conſiderable breach in my laſt five hundred; and began to ſhudder at the contempt with which the decay of my fortune threatened me. Relying on his former profeſſions of friendſhip, I poſted down to Sir Stentor Ranger, in hopes he would have aſſiſted me. I found the knight very buſy, with Sir Charles Banbury, in tracing the honourable pedigree of an Arabian barb. "Hey, Hal," exclaimed the knight, with a voice which would have drowned the full chorus of a fox-chace; "what the devil brought thee here? I thought thou wert grown a gentleman, and had forgotten us all." He received me with as much kindneſs and civility, as his ruſtic breeding would permit, and invited me to his antiquated hall.

After a noble dinner of veniſon, when Sir Charles had retired, on cracking the nineteenth bottle, I ventured to open the buſineſs. Nothing can expreſs the ſurpriſe which diſtended the knight's ample countenance. I made no very agreeable comments on his aſtoniſhment; but, thank Heaven! thoſe comments were as groundleſs as the Rev. Mr. Bentinck's on the Bible.

"Zounds,"

"Zounds," thundered the knight, "five thouſand pounds gone already: you have been a Sad Dog, Hal, that I'll ſay for thee. But, howſundever, as thou beeſt my nown fleſh and blood, d'ye ſee, I'll do ſomething for thee. Let me ſee, let me ſee: doſt underſtand horſe-fleſh?"

I anſwered "that I was not very deep in the myſtery, but I hoped, with a little of his inſtructions, to be ſerviceable to him."

"Adad, thou art in the right, Hal, nobody knows theſe things better than me. There's my lord Groſvenor's filly, Long Dick; he would have it, that he was got by his own horſe, Thunder, when I, by the mere make of his paſtern, found 'um out, to be got by Sir George Blunt's white horſe, Duke. Doſt know any thing of dogs? Canſt train a pointer, or a hawk, or ſuch like things?"

"This," I replied, "I could with ſafety undertake."

"Well then, zay no more; no more words to the matter: I'll do for thee; thou ſhalt have one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and ſo ge'es

thy hand, Hal. A bargain's a bargain; I ſcorn to flinch from my word: thou ſhalt ha'it, odzookers, thou ſhalt ha'it."

In conſequence of this bargain I commenced ſuperintendant of his ſtables and kennels. I diſcharged my office much to his ſatisfaction; and by dint of application acquiring ſome knowledge in the myſteries of the turf, I began to be of conſequence in the racing world. Sir Stentor's hall was very ancient, and had been in days of yore a family ſeat of the Mowbrays. It had not undergone any conſiderable reparation ſince the Reformation; when an anceſtor of Sir Stentor's, having often had quarrels with a neighbouring abbot, in the ſacrilegious pillage, purchaſed his abbey for leſs than the one-twentieth of its value; and robbing it of all its ornaments and painted glaſs, made the abbey a ſtable, and turned his dogs into the chapel.

Sir Stentor had many curious viſitors, on account of his antient painted glaſs-windows; among the reſt was the redoubted baron Otranto, who has ſpent his whole life in conjectures. This moſt ingenious gentleman, as a certain adverti ſer ſtiles him,

him, is certainly a good judge of paintings, and has an original, eaſy manner of writing. That his knowledge in antiquity equals his other accompliſhments may be diſputed. As Sir Stentor had ever been politically attached to his family, he welcomed the the baron with every demonſtration of joy, and ordered the bells of the pariſh church to be rung. As a further teſtimony of his joy, he ſent for a blind fidler, the Barthelemon of the village, to entertain the baron with a ſolo during dinner; and after the deſert, Robin Hood's Ramble was melodiouſly chaunted by the knight's groom and dairy-maid, to the excellent muſic of a two-ſtringed violin, and a bag-pipe. A concert by the firſt maſters in Europe could not have pleaſed the baron ſo well: he imagined himſelf carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third.

Should any critic aſſert, that it is impoſſible ſuch an imagination could enter the *cerebellum* of the baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the ſongs of Robin Hood were not in being till the reign of queen Elizabeth) his aſſertion ſhall ſtand uncontradicted by me, as I know, by woeful expe-

rience, that when an author reſolves to think himſelf in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong.

The baron, after dinner, aſked the knight if he had ever diſcovered in any place about his houſe an eſcutcheon argent, on a feſſe gules; three garbs, or; between as many ſhields, ſable, cheveronny of the firſt?

To this learned interrogatory the knight anſwered with a ſtare of aſtoniſhment, and "Anon, Sir, what d'ye talk of? I don't underſtand ſuch outlandiſh lingo, not I, for my part."

Otranto finding it impoſſible to enter into a converſation ſuitable to his hobby-horſe, begged leave to viſit the kennel, deſiring the knight to permit the huntſman to go with him, leſt the dogs might not be over civil to a ſtranger.

"Odzookers," cried Sir Stentor, "are you afraid of the dogs? I'll go with you myſelf, man."

The

The baron found many things worthy his notice in the ruinated chapel; but the knight was ſo full of the praiſes of his harriers, that the antiquary had not opportunity to form one conjecture. After looking round the chapel for ſome moveable piece of age, on which he might employ his ſpeculative talents, to the eternal honour of his judgment, he pitched upon a ſtone which had no antiquity at all; and, tranſported with his fancied prize, placed it upon his head, and bore it triumphantly to his chamber, deſiring the knight to give him no diſturbance the next day, as he intended to devote it to the ſervice of futurity.

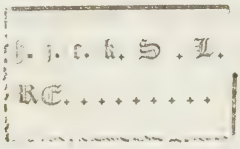
This important piece of ſtone had by the huntſman been ſacrilegiouſly ſtolen from the neighbouring church-yard, and employed with others to ſtop up a breach in the kennel, through which the adventurous Jowler had ſqueezed his lank carcaſe.

Nothing can eſcape the clutches of curioſity. The letters being ill cut, had an appearance of ſomething Gothic; and the baron was ſo far gone in this Quixotiſm of literature, that at the firſt glance he determined them to be of the third Runic alphabet of Wormius.

The

The original inſcription was: James Hicks lieth here, with Heſter his wife.

The broken ſtone is here repreſented,



The baron having turned over Camden, Dugdale, Leyland, and Wever, at laſt determined it to be, *Hic jacet corpus Kenelmæ Sancto Legero. Requieſcat*, &c. &c. What confirmed him in the above reading, and made it impoſſible for him to be miſtaken, was, that a great man of the name of Sancto Legero, had been buried in the county about five hundred years ago.

Elated with the happy diſcovery, the Baron had an elegant engraving of the curioſity executed, and preſented it to the ſociety of antiquaries, who look upon it as one of the moſt important diſcoveries which have been made ſince the great Dr. Trefoil found out, that the word *kine* came from the Saxon *cowine*.

When

When this miracle of literature left the village, the bells were again rung, and the baron was wrapped in Elyſium on the ſucceſs of his viſit.

I had ſerved Sir Stentor above two years, when, by a lucky hit, Sir Charles Banbury and myſelf took the whole field in, and cleared above twenty thouſand pounds; eight thouſand of which fell to my ſhare.

I was now once more eſtabliſhed in the world, and redeemed from the dependance which had mortified my pride. As I was ſeldom ungrateful, I repaid Sir Stentor's kindneſs, by revealing to him the whole *arcana* of the turf; which he has improved to ſo much advantage, that he has added five hundred *per annum* to his paternal eſtate, by his ſucceſſes at Newmarket.

In proſperity I never gave ear to the ſage whiſpers of Prudence; her cool advice was never felt, but in the winter of adverſity. I was flush, and reſolved to go over to Paris, and glitter in all the ſplendor of an Engliſhman. This rapid reſolution was as rapidly executed, and in leſs than ten days after

after my ſucceſs I found myſelf at the city of noiſe and frippery.

I had too much ſpirit to murmur at the expence, but I often wiſhed for ſomething more ſubſtantial, than *ſoup* or *fricaſée:* after living at the gigantic table of Sir Stentor, and feaſting on roaſt beef and veniſon, I found it difficult to ſwallow liquids and ſhadows. But every other conſideration was ſoon drowned in that of a young marchioneſs, who never met my eyes without telling them ſuch a tale of love, that it was impoſſible not to underſtand it.

I directed my valet La Foſſe, to make every poſſible enquiry after her: he brought me intelligence that ſhe was the widow of a marquis, and of a very noble family. This was ſufficient: I inſtantly diſpatched a meſſenger of love to her: and 'ere another moon had gilded up her horns, married her. But I had cauſe to repent my expedition; ſhe was indeed the widow of a marquis, but one of the pooreſt of that title in France; his debts were great, and his widow inſtead of diſcharging them, had contracted more, her noble family not being able to ſupport her.

I was

I was ſoon rouzed from my dream of happineſs, and thrown into priſon; my fortune was inſufficient to procure my liberty, and there I ſhould have periſhed, had not an old rich farmer-general taken my wife under his protection, paid her debts, generouſly ſet me free, and preſented me with a bill of two hundred pounds, on condition I returned to England. I did not chuſe to reject his offer, and with that ſort of pſeudo-repentance, which generally waits on us when we are grown wiſe too late, took my leave of France and proſperity.

Immediately on my return to England, I waited on Sir Stentor; but the knight knowing my genius in horſe-fleſh, was not willing to put me in a condition of rivalling him upon the turf.

"Zounds, Hal, whoy thou ſpendeſt every thing: no, no, I duont want a top game-keeper now. Here, I'll gi' thee this bill of one hundred pounds, and my bay gelding Jockey: go and ſee 'un, he is as fine a beaſt as any I have in hand."

I thought it not prudent to refuſe the knight's offer; and making the beſt of a bad bargain, accepted

cepted Jockey, and the bill, and made the beſt of my way to London.

Here, after a long deliberation, I reſolved to turn ſtock-jobber: and the firſt time I viſited Jonathan's, by propagating a report that Jamaica was taken by the Spaniards, increaſed my ſmall ſum to two thouſand pounds. I was now in raptures, and ſaw once again the viſions of good fortune ſwimming before my ſight. I ſtill continued improving my principal, when an account from Trieſte reduced me to ſeven hundred; and in a few days after, another account from the ſame unfortunate place, utterly ruined me, and I waddled a lame duck out of the alley.

What could I now do? As to mechanic buſineſs I was utterly a ſtranger to it, and my ſoul diſdained the livery of a ſlave. I had diſtracted myſelf with reflection, till the laſt bill of ten pounds was mutilated, when I thought of ſetting up for an author.

As I did not doubt my invention, and had vanity enough for the character, I ſat down to invoke the muſes. The firſt fruits of my pen, were a po-

a political eſſay and a piece of poetry: the firſt I carried to a patriotic bookſeller, who is, in his own opinion, of much conſequence to the cauſe of liberty; and the poetry was left with another of the ſame tribe, who made bold to make it a means of puffing his Magazine, but refuſed any gratuity. Mr. Britannicus, at firſt imagining the piece was not to be paid for, was laviſh of his praiſes, and I might depend upon it, it ſhould do honour to his flaming patriotic paper; but when he was told that I expected ſome recompence, he aſſumed an air of criticiſm, and begged my pardon; he did not know that circumſtance, and really he did not think it good language, or ſound reaſoning.

I was not diſcouraged by the objections and criticiſms of the bookſelling tribe; and as I know the art of Curliſm, pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late proſecution againſt the bookſellers having frightened them all out of their patriotiſm, I am neceſſitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the miniſtry. As I have ſome little remains of conſcience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing, of either

like

ſide of the queſtion, is of little ſervice to the entertainment or inſtruction of the reader. Abuſe and ſcurrillity are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of thoſe authors, who deem every man in place a raſcal, and every man out of place a patriot.

Permit this then to appear in your univerſally admired Magazine; it may give ſome entertainment to your reader, and a dinner to

Your humble ſervant,

HARRY WILDFIRE.

To

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

LEST your Hunter of Oddities ſhould meet with me, and cook up my ſingularity as a diſh of diverſion for the town, I trouble you with a deſcription of myſelf. Have you ever ſeen a portait by Holbein, or the figure of an old fellow in ancient tapeſtry? I am a laughable counterpart to either of theſe curioſities. I am heir to no inconſiderable eſtate, which has but one incumbrance on it; a plaguy, long-lived, ſurly dog of a father.

If I am not miſtaken the Roman-catholics make longevity one of the peculiar gifts of heaven. I confeſs I am ſo irreligious as to wiſh heaven had been leſs ſparing of its gifts to my honoured papa. You will ſay I am an ungracious child, perhaps; but when you have got to the end of my epiſtle, you will excuſe me. If abſurdities and follies are the general attendants of age, I cannot ſee with what juſtice grey-hairs command veneration.

My father has as well furniſhed a wardrobe as any knight in the ſhire; but not an individual garment in it which has been made ſince the Revolution.

My father dreſſes in the uniform of a courtier in the reign of James I. his hat is like a ſtrawberry-baſket, with the handle thruſt under his chin: this piece of ornament belonged to Robert Carey, who, as he was a great man in his time, and nearly related to our family, muſt not be out of remembrance. He wears alſo an enormous ruff, once the property of Sir Veniſon Gooſepye, lord-mayor of London, who, though of a younger branch of the family, eſtabliſhed it on a more reſpectable footing than before, by doubling its rent-roll. Gratitude obliges my ſire to wear this ruff, though as full of holes as a lawyer's conſcience. A ſlaſhed doublet, with ſlit ſleeves, and a long cloak, envelopes his trunk; and a monſtrous pair of trunk-hoſe, ſquare ſhoes, and large ſhoe-roſes, conclude his bundle of ridiculous habiliments. Could I perſuade him to be contented with making himſelf laughed at, I ſhould be happy in entertaining my friends with the oddity of his appearance; but when I conſider that mine is equally

as laughable, I ſicken at the ſight of his antiquated garb. I am almoſt aſhamed to deſcribe myſelf; but in hopes that he muſt ſoon ſet out on his journey to the other world, I make a virtue of neceſſity, and comply. He abſolutely threatens to diſinherit me, if I grumble at dreſſing for the memory of the departed; and an eſtate of ſix-thouſand *per annum*, is not to be loſt for the ſake of a full-trimmed ſuit, and a gold button. My hair is dreſſed in a very peculiar and riſible manner; it is cut cloſe on the middle of the head, and twiſted like a horſe's mane on each ſide: this my papa avers was the moſt polite faſhion in the reign of queen Elizabeth, as appears by the portrait of his great uncle, Sir Henry Dainty. This Sir Henry was the greateſt beau of his time, and is thought by a learned antiquary to be the identical perſon for whom Shakeſpeare drew the character of Oſtrick in Hamlet. My hat is not quite ſo comical as my ſire's; it inclines more to the ſhape of a cloſe-ſtool-pan, pardon the ſimile, you will find it in another author, it is too delicate to be my own. This ornament of the head once graced the *caput* of the profound Dr. Technicus, who had an univerſal noſtrum which enabled him to ride in his chair; and what do you think this noſtrum was?

Nothing but a cataplaſm of maſticated bread and butter. My ruff is perfectly yellow: but as it belonged to the reverend Dr. Drouzy, my father makes it a point of conſcience to oblige me to wear it. I have a large jutting coat and wide breeches, the very tip of the mode in the days of Henry VII. mottled ſtocking, red and green, and ſhoes with monſtrous pikes complete my ornamentals.

This, Mr. Printer, is a perfect repreſentation of my externals. Do be ſo obliging as to give the old fellow a hint in your Magazine, that he acts very ridiculouſly. He has already felt the bad effects of his antiquated wardrobe. My ſiſter was as laughable as myſelf; ſhe wore a hood of unconſcionable thick velvet, which projected on each ſide of her face, like a horſe's blinds; her ruff was enormous, and betwixt that and her head-gear there was nothing but the tip of her noſe to be ſeen: her ſtays reached down to her knees, her ſtockings were yellow, and her ſhoes ſquare-toed. All theſe ornaments had in the days of their proſperity, glittered on Alice Sevenoke, a maid of honour to queen Mary, who was famous for making cuſtards, and giving eel-pies an excellent reliſh. My ſiſter Biddy's gown was as heavy as a modern

a modern novel: upon a moderate computation it had above three pounds of ſilver, in its embroidery: the colours indeed were faded, but that defect was made up in the lenghth of the train, which afforded the cat a five minutes play while Miſs Biddy was turning the corner.

A female muſt neceſſarily be worſe qualified to bear this purgatory than a man; and ſhe having fifteen thouſand pounds, which an old aunt had left her to be paid at her marriage, whipped off to Scotland, at the age of ſixteen, with a young fellow in the army. Would I could make my eſcape too, from the tyranny of this taylor of antiquity! I am ſenſible no character at Cornelys's could make ſo ridiculous an appearance as I do.

Oh, dear Mr. Ham, if you have any bowels of compaſſion, addreſs a line or two to the old prig: ſhew him how barbarous it is to deprive a young fellow of all the pleaſures of life, to indulge an unaccountable whim: puſh the matter home to him; and, if you ſucceed, you ſhall ever have the prayers of

Your humble ſervant,

TONY SELWOOD.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country MAGAZINE.

NUMBER I.

SIR,

I Think Addiſon ſays, in defining a complete fine gentleman, that even dreſs ſhould be attended to; and, indeed, it has ſo great an influence in moſt ſituations of this life, that a perſon who is entirely negligent of it will find himſelf either overlooked or deſpiſed in the uſual intercourſe of ſociety.

There are, indeed, ſome ſingular characters, who pique themſelves upon an utter contempt for dreſs; but to the ſhame of men of letters be it ſaid, that theſe are generally pedants, or ſuch as value themſelves upon an affected abſence from the trivial purſuits of this world.

Dick Flighty, is a man of a very different caſt from theſe: dreſs he conſiders as the ultimate end of exiſtence; and he would be miſerable for a year

year if lord M——, or captain G——, was to have a new faſhoned *cut*, from Paris before him. He was the firſt who introduced the Tambour waiſtcoat: he rode poſt from that metropolis, with ſix horſes, to be here in time. This he conſidered as a very capital ſtroke in eſtabliſhing his faſhionable character; and which he looked upon as indiſpenſable, when Sir James G—— appeared in a ſilver ſilk flowered embroidery, before he had recieved intelligence of the invention. His diſgrace upon this occaſion was inexpreſſible; and had he not retrieved himſelf in the violet birds eye velvet, on the enſuing birth-day, the conſequence might have been fatal.

Dick is poſſeſſed of about four thouſand a year, which he lays out, in his opinion, to the beſt advantage. He neither games nor drinks, which conſidering the licentiouſneſs of the age, is ſomething extraordinary: but then he keeps as elegant an equipage as any man in town, which he conſtantly uſes: beſides this, he has a fine pack of hounds, though he never hunts, four race-horſes, though he never ſports; and keeps three miſtreſſes, whom he never viſits.

To be ingenuous, Dick may be fairly claſſed as the ſovereign of *petit maitres*, the prince of fops, and the repreſentative-general of coxcombs: nevertheleſs, Dick, is an arrant ſloven. Whilſt he is driving from one end of the town to the other, in ſearch of the moſt celebrated embroiderer, to give him directions concerning a new invented ſprig, his *chapeau de bras*, which he wears on his head, would be a diſgrace to a hair dreſſer; and the back of his coat is more greaſy than a butcher's; but then this is the *ton*. Dick holds it as an invariable maxim, that a clean coat and a good hat, in an undreſs, would be a diſgrace to a gentleman, and bring him upon a level with a *bourgeois*.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

St. James's Coffee-Houſe, May 10.

NUMBER II.

SIR,

FINDING you gave place to my Odd Man in your laſt, I have ſent you another to hand up in the group; and as I ſhall let you have one every month, we ſhall by the end of the year complete our collection.

Dick Slender is now about his forty-fifth year, ſix feet high, without any incumbrance of fleſh. He is one of thoſe people who ſaunter about town and call themſelves gentlemen, becauſe they have nothing to do, and are incapable of doing any thing.

Dick, upon the death of his father, became poſſeſſed of three thouſand pounds in the funds; he was deſtined to the bar, and had been brought up in the Temple; but finding in himſelf very little diſpoſition for the Statutes at Large, or Coke upon Littleton, he ſhut up his folios, and reſolved to be the man of pleaſure.

He

He ſoon diſcovered, however, that the intereſt of his money, at three per cent. would not ſupport him in the line of life he had chalked out; and, therefore, ſunk the capital in the purchaſe of an annuity, and caring for neither man, woman, or child, eats, drinks, and dreſſes up to one hundred and eighty pounds per annum.

Dick is always the firſt night at a new play in the pit; and though he never read Ariſtotle, or underſtands a ſyllable of Horace, he is one of the greateſt critics of the age. He has learnt a few ſet-phraſes at the Bedford: theſe he utters promiſcuouſly upon all ſuch occaſions, and he blends them in ſo curious a manner that they will do for any performance of every degree of merit. He, nevertheleſs, has, frequently, a crowd about him at the coffee-houſe; and his deciſions, indeciſive as they be, are conſidered as the opinion of the town.

His ſucceſs in gallantry is not leſs conſpicuous than his judgment in criticiſm; if a number of letters conſtantly addreſſed to him in a female, hand, often ſealed with a coronet, can authenticate his intrigues, or prove that half the women of faſhion

faſhion in England are enamoured with him. But unfortunately he lately quarrelled with his waſher-woman upon the loſs of ſome ſilk ſtockings, and ſhe has revealed a ſecret that has baniſhed him from George's for theſe three weeks. She was the amanuenſis, the correſponding ladies, and the deliverer of all theſe letters to the parties who brought them to this coffee-houſe; and ſhe is reſolved to keep the ſeal, with the coronet, for her trouble. This ſhe has revealed to ſeveral of her cuſtomers in the Temple, at the ſame time declaring, that notwithſtanding the many intrigues ſhe had carried on with Dick Slender, and though ſhe had often been alone with him in private, he had never once offered a rude thing to her: yet Jenny is but two and twenty, has a very wanton eye, and a good complexion.

To illuſtrate Dick's character ſtill farther, he is a politician; he has read all Junius's letters, and can make out every daſh; he is a member of the Bill of Rights: harangues at the Smyrna upon the Middleſex election; and propoſes queſtions at the Robin-hood upon the legality of incapacitation. It is true, that all his political reading has been confined to the Public and the Gazetteer; but no man

man underſtands the real *nature of our conſtitution*; *the eſſence of our rights and liberties*; *the limits of the prerogative*; *the extent of parliamentary privileges*; *the nature of our foreign connections*, *or the balance of power*, better, or more profoundly, than DICK SLENDER——by *intuition!*

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

NUM-

NUMBER III.

SIR,

THIS metropolis abounds with ſo many oddities, that I am ſometimes at a loſs to hit upon one for the month. I have now in my collection about three dozen, that will do either for winter or ſummer: their peculiarities are of ſuch a nature, and they are ſuch complete originals, they never can be unſeaſonably hung up to public view. But a truce with preface, or elſe, perhaps, you will think me worthy a place in my own collection.

Eolus is as variable in his temper as the thirty-two points of the compaſs; but it muſt be acknowledged that a coach has to him all the magnetic qualities of the load-ſtone, eſpecially when the wind is in his chops. But why confine his character in ſo ſmall a compaſs? Eolus is every body, and every thing at times: he eats like Quin, drinks with Rigby, intrigues with a Cumb—d, and fights with every man that never exiſted. He is a buckram hero, and, if I might be allowed a taylor's pun,

pun, you may twiſt him to what you pleaſe. It is time, however, to bring forth our hero, and let him ſpeak for himſelf.

Enter Eolus.

Eolus. Here, cook—at four preciſely—let the veniſon be done to a turn; and as to the turbot, let it weigh exactly three pounds, not an ounce more or leſs.

Cook. Yes, Sir, you may depend upon your directions being punctually followed———Nobody, I think, hits your honour's taſte ſo well as me———I ſtudy it day and night.

Eolus. Yes, Jack, I muſt acknowledge you do make me eat a pound more ſince you came to the houſe, than ever I did before. I ſhall juſt take a turn in a hack round the new buildings, Groſvenor-ſquare, and Marybone, by way of a whet, and be here preciſely at four.

So ſhort a dialogue, dear Ham, cannot certainly diſguſt your readers; but, perhaps, they may be curious to know how many he has to dine with him?

him? Juſt as many as a certain r—l lover found, when he awoke and met with nobody but himſelf.

Eolus ſeems to have followed Quin's rule, which I ſhall exemplify. Said lady T—ſh—d (I mean the modeſt lady T—ſh—d) to Quin: "I wonder, Mr. Quin, that you do not marry, take a houſe, and keep an equipage." "Why lookye, my lady, I like the ſweets of matrimony without the bitters —I always carry my wife, my coach, and my cook in my pocket, and when they diſpleaſe me, jolt me into a paſſion, or ſpoil my appetite, I turn them off."

Quin was ſo pregnant of good things, that the very mention of him, engenders a number; but I ſhall take up your reader's time with the relation of only one more, which he ſaid to the ſame lady, upon a ſomewhat ſimilar occaſion. "Pray, Mr. Quin," ſaid ſhe, "did you ever make love?" "No, my lady," replied Sir John Brute, "I always buy it ready made."

So much for Quin; now once more for Eolus: he is about five feet nothing; as round as a hogſhead, owing to his eating immoderately; rides in a hack all the morning to create an appetite; rides the

in the ſame vehicle all the afternoon to promote digeſtion. He has ſeven hundred a year, of which he does not ſave a farthing, which he diſpoſes of chiefly to hackney-coachmen and vintners. The ladies, however, ingroſs ſome part of his purſe, as well as his perſon; but he is an œconomiſt in love, at leaſt with regard to property, which he transfers to them very ſparingly.

If after this any one ſhould think Eolus the mere puff of imagination, he may be ſeen alive every day at four, not a hundred yards from Warwick-court, Holborn.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

NUMBER IV.

SIR,

LOUNGING the other day at Slaughter's coffee-houſe, I made acquaintance with a perſon, who has turned out a proper candidate to be enrolled in your liſt of oddities.

He had been reading the Gazetteer for about twenty minutes, in the courſe of which he had taken as many pinches of ſnuff, when he ſtarted all at once, and giving a fling to the paper, overturned a diſh of ſcalding coffee upon a gentleman's white ſilk ſtockings, crying, "Zounds, there he is again—how he ſtinks!" then riſing up without paying any attention to the miſchief he had done, or making the leaſt apology to the gentleman whoſe legs he had ſcalded, he walked three or four times up and down the room ſhaking his arm and fingers, crying out, "Keep off, keep off."

I did not know what to conclude from his behaviour; but as I was the neareſt to him during his exclamation, and this perambulation, I thought it

neceſſary to aſk him whether he propoſed inſulting me—to which he made no reply, but muttered "The devil opened my curtains laſt night, and he has been after me all day." Then ſhaking his hand more violently than ever, "there you are off at laſt." After this curious ſoliloquy, he began to grow a little calm, ſeated himſelf upon another of the benches, and ordered a pint of milk. He then pulled out of his pocket ſeveral old pamphlets, and read them very attentively, but not without ejaculating now and thee, "Off, you villain, off," and ſhaking his hand and arm very violently.

I enquired at the bar, who this extraordinary perſon was, and whether he was out of his mind; when I was informed, that he was Mr. Ha—w—y, brother to the commiſſioner of that name; that he had frequented the houſe ſeveral years, and that he was a very inoffenſive, good-natured man.

Having received this intelligence, I reſolved to have a little converſation with him, when I found him very rational upon every ſubject, except the devil: but the ſlighteſt hint about that infernal being, made him ſhake his hand and arm, and cry out, "Off—off."

It would be doing this gentleman a great piece of ſervice, if any of your ingenious correſpondents could hit upon ſome probable ſcheme of exorciſing this ſame devil out of poor Ha—w—y, who would then in every reſpect be an agreeable and worthy member of ſociety.

A HUNTER OF ODDITIES.

Slaughter's Coffee-houſe,
June 15.

To the Printer *of the* Town *and* Country Magazine.

SIR,

THOUGH I have much reaſon to think myſelf qualified for ſociety, I am, to my great mortification, confided in a boarding-ſchool; however, I am not debarred the pleaſure of reading. I know all the real names of your *téte à têtes*; and am very well ſkilled in decyphering an aſteriſm or daſh. I have peruſed every novel publiſhed by Lowndes or Noble; and could, upon occaſion, compile a ſecret hiſtory, as pathetic and moving as any other female author. There is no modern play which I have not read; from the bright ſallies of Foote, to the dull dialogue of Cumberland. You ſee I am a judge of theatrical merit: my knowledge of the drama, is hereditary; for my couſin Ben, who underſtands heraldry, can prove himſelf (and conſequently me) to be deſcended from Ben Jonſon's grandmother's ſiſter. So much for internal merit. The young fox-hunters in the neigbourhood ſwear I am a woundy pretty maid! The politer ſort proteſt before gad, I am

an angel; and Madame Gouvernante, tells me, I am very fair, very elegant, and every way accompliſhed. You will excuſe this deſcription of myſelf, as it is a true, though trite obſervation, that few readers regard any hiſtory 'till they are minutely acquainted with the author: my intention in writing, was to aſk your advice. Now you muſt know Mr. Ham, that I have ten thouſand pounds, at my own diſpoſal; a qualification, which may, in your opinion, exceed all the others I value myſelf upon. My father, who is a plodding ſort of a man, and upon Briſtol exchange, (or rather in the ſtreet) has the character of a rich merchant, who knows how to live in the world, deſigns to marry me to Bob Barter, the hopeful ſon of his good friend Hezekiah Barter. Bob is, in the polite language of Briſtol, a devil of a buck. You may ſee him in the morning, ſitting under a ſhed on the key, regiſtering the weight of ſugars, and in the evening ſhining at a ball. He overturns a baſket of oyſters, or beats a dog, with a better grace than any youthful notary of Bacchus, in that elegant city: the cream of politeneſs. As Madame Gouvernante knows my father's intentions, ſhe very readily permits his intruſions, and takes every opportunity to leave

us together. The wretch has never read further than the Gazette, or tables of intereſt; ſo that it is impoſſible to receive a compliment worth accepting from him. He ſeems to look upon me as already married, and treats me with a ſuitable indifference. Upon the exit of the Gouvernante, he claps on his hat, takes a turn round the room, very politely expoſes his backſide to the fire, and remarks it is very cold, or ſomething of equal importance. I never regard the wretch; but if I am reading, conſider myſelf as alone, and read on. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, is ſuch a contemptible being, to be treated with more reſpect? Having told you, I do not like this uncivilized Briſtolian, you may imagine a *tendreſſe* for ſome other has made his faults more conſpicuous. You will not be far from the truth. A young author who has read more than, Magliabechi, and wrote more love-letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the nine to deſcribe me; but he never pays a compliment to my perſon, without a concomitant one to my underſtanding. Though I have ten thouſand pounds, he never mentions marriage; and when it is forced into his diſcourſe, rails at it moſt religiouſly: but he intrigues like a Jeſuit, to be made happy with a *tête à tête* converſation,

ſation, or a walk in the wood; but, thank my ſtars! I have always courageouſly denied. He has ſentiment in his common converſation; and is reported to have ruined three young ladies of fortune. Pray, Mr. Hamilton, what am I to do in this caſe? Nothing can be more diſagreeable than this boarding-ſchool: If I am obliged to marry that inſignificant wretch, Bob Barter, will the forced ceremony oblige me to hate my literary lover? Your advice will oblige

Yours, &c.

ASTREA BROKAGE.

Briſtol, Jan. 3, 1770.

A SONG.

ADDRESSED

TO MISS C—AM OF BRISTOL.

AS Spring, now approaches with all his gay train,
And ſcatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all ſcruples remove,
Accept of my paſſion, allow me to love.

Without the ſoft tranſports which love muſt inſpire,
Without the ſweet torment of fear and deſire,
Our thoughts and ideas, are never refin'd,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the bloſſom, the ſpring of the ſoul,
The froſts of our judgments may check, not controul,
In ſpite of each hindrance, the ſpring will return,
And nature with tranſports refining will burn.

This

This paſſion celeſtial, by Heav'n was deſign'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the ſenſes, they quickly diſplay,
How great and prolific, how pleaſing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, ſince love is a flame,
Which poliſhes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the ſoft paſſion to riſe in your breaſt,
I leave your good nature to grant me the reſt.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all bloſſom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle, enamel the ground,
Shall the red bluſhing bloſſom be ſeen on the tree,
Without the leaſt pleaſure or rapture for me ?

And yet, if my charmer ſhould frown when I ſing,
Ah ! what are the beauties, the glories of ſpring !
The flowers will be faded, all happineſs fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright ſky.

London, May 4, 1770. C.

To the Printer of the Town *and* Country Magazine.

SIR,

I Was ſome time ſince in company with a party who piqued themſelves upon being men of wit and genius: one of them, however was nothing more than a pretender, who after many ineffectual attempts, at length ſet the table on a roar, by a moſt execrable pun; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had now been very ſucceſsful, when a gentleman turning to lord Ch——d, aſked his lordſhip what was his opinion of punning in general? To which his lordſhip replied, "I conceive punning has a doublefold advantage in company, for a very good pun makes one laugh, and a very bad one makes one laugh ſtill more, as was the caſe juſt now; but," ſaid he, "an indifferent pun, is the moſt indifferent of all indifferent things; having neither ſalt enough to make one ſmile, or ſtupidity enough to excite the riſible muſcles at the author; and may therefore be ſtiled the dregs of wit, the ſediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common ſenſe."

I am, Sir, your conſtant reader,

And humble ſervant,

Berkley-ſquare, June 16, 1770. T. B.

THE

THE

UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

MR. Sladon, a merchant of Briſtol, by induſtry and diligent application to buſineſs, acquired a conſiderable fortune. As he was an enemy to noiſe and pomp, he neither ſet up his carriage, nor endeavoured to make a ſplended appearance; his only care centered in Maria, his beautiful daughter: he ſpared no coſts to complete her education; her genius requited his labour; no inſtructions were loſt on her, and ſhe excelled in every qualification, which dignify her ſex. At the age of ſeventeen ſhe was univerſally allowed to be a beauty. The reader will excuſe the writer from giving a deſcription of her perſon; let him cull from the volumes of poets and painters, all his imagination counts beautiful, and throw into it an inexpreſſible ſoftneſs, and he has Maria.

Mr. Hinckley, whoſe father was cloſely connected in trade with Mr. Sladon, ſtruck with the uncommon

uncommon luſtre of Maria's perſon and mind, intreated his father, to permit him to pay his addreſſes to her. "George," ſaid the prieſt of Mammon, "I commend your choice, Miſs Sladon is a very good œconomiſt, and will have little leſs than a plumb to her fortune: go, and proſper." Young Hinckley aſſured his father he had not the leaſt mercenary view. "Away," replied the old man "when you have been as often upon 'Change as me, you'll know better."

Young Hinckley had no cauſe to complain of his reception; Maria had never viewed him with eyes of indifference. Mr. Sladon rejoiced at the propoſed alliance; all was unity and love, and before the expiration of two months, George acquainted his father, that he intended to requeſt Mr. Sladon to fix the day; but was thunderſtruck with his command, that he ſhould not go ſuch lengths till he had further orders from him.

Mr. Sladon, who was himſelf above deceit, never ſuſpected it in another; his generous frankneſs laid him open to the vile arts of old Hinckley: after being connected together, the ſpace of a year, he broke, and ruined him.

Maria

Maria had by this time conceived the moſt tender paſſion for young Hinckley: it was allowable, as ſhe had always conſidered him as her future huſband. No words can deſcribe Hinckley's exceſs of love. Imagine what an effect this ſtroke muſt have upon both. Nothing but imagination can paint it.

Mr. Sladon was only affected for his daughter: his noble ſoul roſe ſuperior to this revolution; he triumphed in poverty, over the wealthy wretch who cauſed his misfortunes. Old Hinckley, whoſe fortune was increaſed, not dimiſhed by this infamous action, perceived with chagrin, his ſon's madneſs for Maria; he endeavoured to divert his attention to objects more rich, and therefore, in his opinion, more deſerving: but he laboured in vain; nothing could abate his love. Mr. Sladon ſaw his paſſion; he pitied him: but could not think of uniting his daughter to a man, whoſe ſuperiority of circumſtances, was derived from his own ruin.

Old Hinckley, finding all remonſtrances uſeleſs, by ſome mercenary agents, perſuaded Mr. Sladon that young Hinckley was privy to, and aſſiſting in his ruin. The circumſtances made it plauſible; he

he believed it, and forbade him his houſe. Maria would have credited it of any other man; in this caſe it was dubious: her love for him was partial; but as ſhe had looked upon the father formerly in the beſt light, ſhe doubted whether ſhe might not be deceived in the ſon. She was in this wavering opinion, when the only ſervant Mr. Sladon had, brought her a letter from young Hinckley: ſhe knew the hand, ſhe eagerly caught it; ſhe recollected, and dropped it on the ground: after a long ſtruggle between duty and love, ſhe ſent it back unopened. When a perſon of good ſenſe and ſtrong natural parts, has not the happineſs of a religious education, he is generally a Deiſt or Socinian. This was the caſe with young Hinckley; his father endeavouring to qualify him for commerce, neglected Chriſtianity: to the moſt refined notions of honour and morality, he united an abſolute contempt for religion; his paſſions were violent, but as he was continually on his guard, they ſeldom appeared. When he heard that Maria had returned his letter, he raved to the utmoſt extravagance of madneſs; then appearing calm, he ſat down, and writing a letter, ſealed it and left it on the table. Having done this, he went into his chamber, and immediately ſhot himſelf.

Old

Old Hinckley hearing the explosion, ran from his compter, and ascending the stairs, saw his son extended breathless. He fainted, and continued in that condition, till his servants, occasionally coming in, recovered him.

The letter, which was directed to his father, contained what follows.

" I shall not accuse your conduct, for you are my father ; I shall only endeavour to vindicate the action I am about to perpetrate. This will be easily done. There is a principle in man (a shadow of the Divinity) which constitutes him the image of God ; you may call it conscience, grace, inspiration, the spirit, or whatever name your education gives it. If a man acts according to this regulator, he is right : if contrary to it, he is wrong. It is an approved truth, that this principle varies in every rational being. As I can reconcile suicide to this principle, with me it is consequently no crime. Suicide is sometimes a noble insanity of the soul : and often the result of a mature and deliberate approbation of the soul. If ever a crime it is only so to society ; there indeed it always appears an irrational emotion : but when

our

our being becomes diſſocial, when we neither aſſiſt, or are aſſiſted by ſociety, we do not injure it by laying down our load of life. It may ſeem a paradoxical aſſertion, that we cannot do wrong to ourſelves; but it is certain we have power over our own exiſtence. Such is my opinion, and I have made uſe of ſuch power.

GEORGE HINCLEY."

This ſeeming philoſophy was loſt on old Hinckley; he was really affected with the loſs of his ſon, and did not ſurvive him three months.

Maria! the beautious Maria, had a ſtill ſhorter date. She heard the fatal news; and expired within a week.—Mr. Sladon loved his daughter too well to live without her; he compleated the tragedy, and ſunk to the grave, reſigned and contented amidſt the chaſtiſements of Providence.

ELEGY

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY

OF MR. THOMAS CHATTERTON,

LATE OF BRISTOL.

HOW ſhall my pen make known the ſad event,
How tell the loſs, O, earth, by thee ſuſtain'd;
In what expreſſions give the tidings vent,
Of which the thought, my ſoul, ſo oft has pain'd?

Why wilt thou, torturing reflection, mad
Each fond idea of the bleſſings paſt;
Bleſſings which only to the anguiſh add;
O, did their pleaſing efficacy laſt!

Think of his tender op'ning unfledg'd years,
Brought to a final criſis 'ere mature:
As Fate had grudg'd the wonders Nature rears,
Bright genius in oblivion to immure.

Weep, Nature, weep, the mighty loſs bewail,
The wonder of our drooping iſle is dead;
O, could but tears or plaintive ſighs avail,
By night and day would I bedew my bed.

O, give his mem'ry reverential due,
His worth a tributary tear demands :
Still hold his many virtues in your view,
Then muſt a free-will offering 'ſcape your hands.

Had but his tender budding genius thriv'd,
Still blooming on, ſpite of the froſty blaſt;
Till ripen'd into manhood ſtill ſurviv'd,
The fruits full ripe—how rich the ſweet repaſt!

'Ere vital utterance could ſcarce tranſpire,
His infant lips evinc'd a manly ſoul ;
Predicting that heroic mental fire,
Which reign'd ſupreme within the mighty whole.

Friendſhip cemented by the ſlighteſt ties,
Full hardly brooks the intervening cauſe
That ſeparates the friend we lightly priſe,
Burſting the bonds of friendſhip's ſacred laws.

Then how can I but feel the dire effect,
Where infancy began the ſocial tie,
Which ſtill increas'd, void of the leaſt defect,
As each revolving year did multiply.

Tho'

Tho' great the loſs to me—Heav'n knows how great!
Were it but individually known,
I would not vainly thus repine at fate,
But providential juſtice ever own.

O, that's not all—my country feels the ſtroke,
The public good was ever in his view,
His pen his lofty ſentiments beſpoke,
Nor fear'd he virtuous freedom to purſue.

Yes, Liberty! thy fair, thy upright cauſe,
He dar'd defend, ſpite of deſpotic force,
To cruſh his much-lov'd country's wholeſome laws,
Its noble conſtitution's only ſource.

Ye muſes, leave your florid airy ſmiles,
And thou, mercurial Euphroſyne,
Forget thy wanton cranks and am'rous wiles,
To ſympathize with ſad Melpomene.

Your pride is fallen—your chief, your great ſupport,
Lies mould'ring to his own primæval duſt:
To you, while living, ever was his court,
Dead, in return, let not his mem'ry ruſt.

What eaſe within his ſweet'ned numbers flow'd,
What ſymmetry each well-penn'd line evinc'd;
Such juſt connection on each verſe beſtow'd
Ev'n envy, of his worth, muſt ſtand convinc'd.

His lofty numbers how ſublimely great!
Lifting the raviſh'd ſenſe to heights ſupreme,
Again with fancy painted woes elate,
He ſhews the paſſions of the tragic theme.

Sharp viſag'd Satire own'd him as her lord,
Excluſive of her hand-maid in her train,
Ill-nature, curſt attendant of the board
Of thoſe who ſtigmatiſe mankind for gain.

Not ſo with him—he paints each reigning vice
In ſtrongeſt colours of their genuine hue!
Sweet'ning the bitter draught with ſav'ry ſpice,
The moral picture reliſhing the view.

O, could my pen but catch his livid fire,
Hear thou my invocation, mighty dead!
My infant muſe with life mature inſpire,
Thy ſhade may dictate, tho' the ſubſtance's fled.

Antiquity, bewail his cruel fate,
He paid thy hoary head the rev'rence due;
Thy valu'd acts reviving out of date,
Recalling ages paſt to preſent view.

To truths long dead, he gave a ſecond birth,
Reſcuing from oblivion occult ſtores:
Treaſures within the bowels of the earth,
Unheeded by the vulgar mind—explores.

Moſt ſtrange! ideas of ſo vaſt extent
Could e'er within his tender mind reſide,
No art or ſcience but ſome influence lent,
His intellectual parts to make more wide.

Why, Fancy, wilt thou paint him to my eyes,
Why form the fond idea in my mind;
O, couldſt thou but ſome plaſtic means deviſe,
The ſubſtance with the ſhadow ſtill to find.

Briſtol, Oct. 1770. T. C.

FINIS.

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